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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. III JUNE, 1909 No. 6

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE . . . . . Matsuyama Sunshine Society, Japan 402
EDITORIALS—Foreign Missions Again 403
THE BAYOU TECHE—POEM . . . . . Stella Truman Wayne . . 423
AMERICAN COTTON SHOULD BE AMERICA'S . Daniel J. Sully 424
JEFFERSON DAVIS—A POEM . . . . . Roy Temple House . . . 428
A SURVEY OF THE WORLD . . . . . Tom Dolan 429
THE TEST—A POEM . . . . . Luella Knott 449
DISOWNED—A POEM . . . . . Ralph M. Thompson . . . 450
THE LADY AND THE TITLE . . . . . A. M. Davis 451
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON 460
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 468
WATER LILIES—A POEM . . . . . Alonzo Rice 472
THE JUNIOR JEFFS . . . . . Daddy Jim 473
CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES 476
COMMUNICATIONS 478
IN AN OLD ABANDONED GRAVEYARD . . : Ada A. Mosher 481
BOOK REVIEWS 482
THE DOVES OF THOUGHT—A POEM . . . . T. Anderson 484
ERRATA . . . . . Last Page Ad Section

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Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. III JUNE, 1909 No. 6

EDITORIALS

Foreign Missions Again

Some time ago, the newspapers were announcing, as a glorious piece of news, that John D. Rockefeller had agreed to give *fifty millions of dollars* to the cause of education in the Orient. China, Japan, Hindustan, Korea and perhaps other Eastern peoples will be among the beneficiaries of the Oil King's bounty.

As Rockefeller's millions have been wrung from our own people, how can we rejoice that so large a part of the loot is to be sent to *the Orient,* when there are so many schools and colleges *needed for our own boys and girls?*

The Orientals are a cunning people; if once they are impressed by the notion that they can secure for themselves a large percentage of American wealth by pretending to embrace the Christian religion, human wisdom would be baffled by the question:

"Are the Orientals embracing our faith *for the sake of the religion,* or are they seeking the religion *to get our money?*"

We find that the subject of Foreign Missions is a live wire. It proves to be more interesting to our readers than any topic which we have yet discussed. There is a growing demand *for the facts.* People want to know the whole truth about Foreign Missions. So large a sum of money is being drawn out of our country, every year, to distant fields whence it will never return, and the zealots of Foreign Missions are clamoring so loudly and continually for *more,* that it is only natural that the American Christians should begin to want to have a better understanding of *what goes with the money.*

In the *Weekly Jeffersonian,* and in this magazine, we have been letting in some light. Our readers appear to be grateful for it. Certain denominational papers and certain parsons, it is true, have resented our articles, and have denounced them with angry vehemence. But that is all right. We would not think the hammer was hitting the anvil very hard if there were no sparks flying about. Let the denominational papers and the indignant parsons blaze away; we intend to keep our temper and to

put our readers in possession of all the facts,—no matter whom it enrages or hurts.

One parson, writing to the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate,* thinks he completely demolishes Mr. Watson by citing the well-known statistics of American *wastefulness.* What has that got to do with it? How does it illumine the discussion to state that American boys and girls spend $11,000,000 annually on chewing-gum? We are reminded that our people spend 750 million dollars per year for *tobacco,*—what does *that* prove? Is it wrong to use tobacco? If so, the preachers ought to quit chewing and smoking. We know lots of Ministers of the Gospel who dearly love the pipe, the cigar, the quid.

We are told that the New York theatres take in more money every year than all the world gives for missions. Does the writer mean to say that this habit of theatre-going is bad? He probably does, for he classes it with whiskey-drinking. In that case, he simply offers testimony to support our contention that *we had better pay more attention to the moral needs of our home folks.*

The Wesleyan Christian Advocate might have given us the approximate amount of money annually wasted on that pernicious drink, Coca-Cola, but it did not. The sum total must be enormous, for it is sold in all drinking places, stationary and movable, and it is a drink that accommodates itself to all seasons of the year, all hours of the day, and to all classes of tipplers. Yet no matter how much we may be spending on Coca-Cola, we can not from *that* argue the propriety of neglecting our own household while we minister to all the wants of "the heathen Chinee."

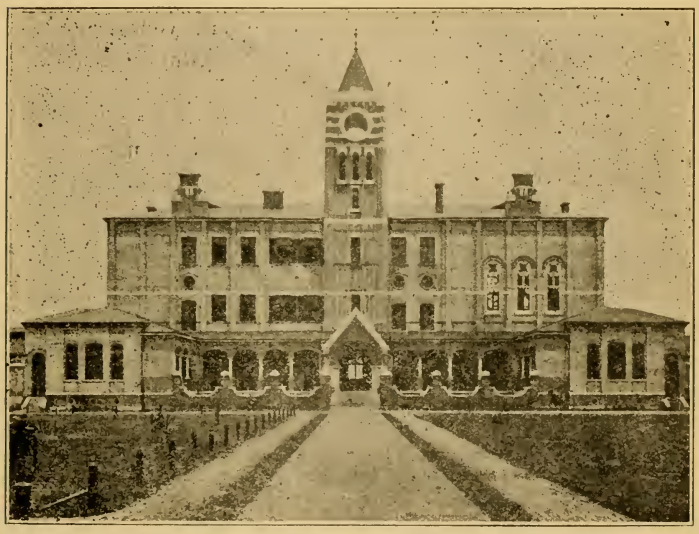
The claim of the *Jeffersonian* is, that we ourselves have so many millions of people, *our own flesh and blood,* who need food, clothing, medicine, school-houses, text-books and free tuition, that it is unnatural and unscriptural to give these to the heathen—to the yellow, the brown and the black—when the white boys and girls of our native land are left to grow up in want, ignorance and irreligion.

Denominational papers seem to think that they make an unanswerable argument in favor of the present system of *subsidized Christianity* in pagan lands when they present the startling statistics of American wastefulness, vice and demoralizing self-indulgence.

They argue thus: The American people waste $11,000,000 annually on chewing-gum; *therefore,* it is justifiable to furnish free secular education, free medical treatment, and free medicines to the yellow men of the far East, while we neglect the destitute and ignorant whites of North Georgia. The American people waste $750,000,000 per year on *tobacco; therefore* it is advisable to ignore the physical, mental and spiritual wants of the poverty-cursed people of mountainous Tennessee, Kentucky and Carolina, while we lavish our care, toil and money upon heathen of an alien race thousands of miles away.

Such logic appeals to nobody but a fanatic on foreign missions. It is so puerile, so utterly childish that it does not merit serious attention. I would not mention it at all were it not for the deplorable fact that our denominational papers countenance and encourage the twaddle. So unaccustomed are clergymen and denominational organs to having their statements questioned and their arguments answered, that the *Advocate*

actually endeavored to break the force of the facts cited by me, and the scriptural texts referred to by me by telling its readers that I live in a "magnificent home," dictate to a stenographer, and hire an overseer for my farms. *Consequently,* my views on Foreign Missions can not possibly be sound. No matter what I may be able to prove, about the methods of missionaries, and about the actual meaning of Christ *as exemplified by*



SOOCHOW UNIVERSITY, SOOCHOW, CHINA, REV. D. L. ANDERSON, D.D. PRESIDENT.

Made possible by the magnificent offering of fifty thousand dollars at the Missionary Conference in New Orleans, April, 24-30, 1901.

his disciples, I am not to be heeded, *because* of my house, my stenographer, and my overseer!

Well, that kind of logic is fully as good as some people need—and some people can furnish.

* * *

The question of Foreign Missions is of transcendent importance.

First, a Christian *duty* is involved. We must find out what that is, if we can. Having learned what it is, we must perform it.

Second, a Christian *task* is to be done. We must ascertain the nature and the extent of this task, and then we must shoulder it.

What is the *duty* which Christendom owes to the heathen?

In the simplest words, I venture to express it thus: *"To go into all the world, and preach Christ and him crucified."*

If you use the word *preach* you arrive at precisely the same scriptural

meaning that one gets from the words "to proclaim," "to herald," "to explain," "to announce."

In every instance, Christ limited his instructions so that his full meaning can be expressed in our word *preach.* A fair paraphrase of the language of Jesus is this:

"As I have explained my gospel to you, do you go and explain it to all the world. I have in person given my commands to you,—go you and tell all the world what those commands are."

That is all there is to it,—absolutely all. That much is *divine,* direct from Christ. Anything more than that is *human,* not from Christ.

How did the disciples understand it? Surely they had the best of opportunities to learn Christ's exact meaning. *We,* nearly two thousand years later, are left to the text of the New Testament, and to our own fallible understanding of that text; but Peter and Luke and John were wandering around with the Master, and heard *all* that he had to say. Where his meaning was uncertain, they could ask questions and receive His answers. On all matters of importance, it is to be presumed that they did ask, and *ask,* and ASK, until they *knew* they understood what he wanted them to do. They were aware of the fact that Jesus would soon be crucified, and that upon *their* shoulders would fall the tremendous responsibility of *keeping his commandments.* Hence, we must assume that the disciples understood what Christ meant when he said, "Go ye into all the world and *preach.*"

Let us, then, go back to the primitive times of the Church, when the disciples had scattered to the four quarters *to establish foreign missions.*

What they did in pursuance of Christ's commands, is the very highest evidence of *how they understood Him.* And their understanding of what Jesus told them, is the best evidence of what our Lord meant.

The Master told His disciples to go and do a certain thing: they went and did it: the conclusive presumption is that they understood the Master and carried out His instructions. The manner in which *they* planted the Gospel in heathen lands, *is the scriptural way.* Paul so understood it, for his way conformed to that standard.

Now, when we look over the broad fields of Foreign Missions today, the first thought that suggests itself is—*Paul and the disciples never did do it that way!*

We find that the system now in operation is a total departure from the practice of Paul, of the disciples, and of the early Church,—*therefore the burden of proof is upon the fanatics who have fastened to us a system which hires a heathen to call himself a Christian, and which tempts the needy of pagan lands, by offering relief to physical suffering.*

How did the apostles of the Christian faith carry it out of Judea and spread it among all nations?

One or more of them would go to Corinth, or Philippi, or Antioch, or Thessalonica, or Rome, and *preach,* until converts were made. Then these converts were organized into a church and put to work, so that these converts would convert other citizens of the same region, who in turn would organize other churches and win other converts. Thus the endless chain was made. Thus the fire was kindled and left to burn.

Thus *a fountain* was called into existence and *left to flow,* and to deepen and broaden as it ran.

The apostles did not squat down in any one community and depend upon *the home church* in Palestine to send out rations and money and medicine and clothes every year. The *home church* in Judea did not take up collections for the pagans of Syria or Egypt. No! The *home church* took care of itself, and left the new converts in Gentile lands to organize and support themselves.

All that Paul and other pioneers of Christ did was *to help the new churches with advice and instructions.* Study those letters in the New Testament and convince yourself.

Paul did not set up any schools for secular teaching. He left all such matters to the people of the several communities in which he labored. He did not found colleges to teach the children of Roman parents Greek, or Hebrew. No. He *taught the Gospel of Christ,* just as the disciples did, and *he made that the measure of his mission.*

Try to think of Paul employing the methods of modern missionaries! Can you picture Paul running a dispensary and tramping around loaded up with patent medicines, porous plasters and surgical instruments, eager to give free treatment to diseased Mexicans, Brazilians, Koreans and Ceylonese? Can you imagine Paul pestering the Home Church to death with his everlasting howls for *more money*—more for the kindergarten in Rome, more for the college at Antioch, more for the free schools in Greece, and thus making his own country bear the expense of doing what Antioch, Rome and Greece should do for themselves? Above all, can you for one instant believe that Paul would have given regular salaries to the new converts, thus creating the impression among the poor folks of Antioch and Rome that it would *pay* to turn Christian?

No! It is inconceivable. Paul's converts organized their own churches, and all the help they ever asked and got from him was *advice.* His converts were real, genuine Christians, *and they supported their own Churches and schools.*

I challenge any denial of this. And I say that Paul's methods were the right methods, the methods meant by Christ. I contend that Paul's system of foreign missionary work is the true gauge of our *duty* and the true measure of our *task.*

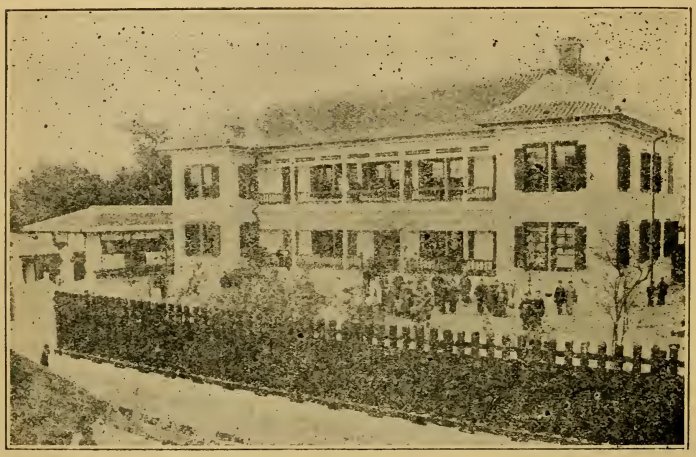
Now let us examine the system that has been fastened upon us of late years. Let us see to what extent it is consistent with the scriptural standards established by the Fathers of the Church.

If the present system is something else, let us ask it,—"By what right do you exist? By what right do you tax us? By what right are you clamorously demanding so much more of our money to be drained off into foreign countries? By what right do you bring so much unfair pressure to bear upon comparatively poor men in America to furnish elaborate education to heathen children *in such rich countries as China and India and Japan?*

Unless scriptural authority can be shown for it, the system should be abandoned. China is abundantly able to feed, clothe and educate her children. Let China do it. The wealthier classes of India can easily afford to support the educational system of Hindustan. It is *their*

moral duty to do it, not ours. So with Japan. Until we have banished illiteracy from our own country, I contend that it is unnatural and unpatriotic and unwise to be taking upon our shoulders the illiteracy of the nations beyond seas.

Apparently the clergy and the denominational editors have been bothered by numerous inquiries since the *Jeffersonian* put its search-light on the practices of Foreign Missionaries. Angry sermons have been



HIROSHIMA GIRLS' SCHOOL—JAPAN

preached and virulent editorials written. In these, I have been handled with extreme severity. My statements have been denounced as "absurdly ridiculous and absolutely false." My position in the matter has been attributed to crass and comprehensive ignorance. In language more or less pointed, I have been told, in effect, that the *Jeffersonian* had better stick to politics and let church affairs alone. Finally, the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* enters a sweeping denial to my assertions and disposes of me, by virtually saying that I am disqualified for the discussion —because I live in a "magnificent home," and have, not only a stenographer, but an overseer.

This is somewhat terrible, but nevertheless, my hand being to the plow, the furrow must be finished.

In order that the subject might be handled with the utmost fairness, I have confined my researches to books, pamphlets and papers *which favor Foreign Missions.* I have not gone to the enemy for ammunition. On the contrary, my clerical acquaintances were requested to furnish me everything their libraries afforded *in advocacy of Foreign Missions.* I have accordingly been supplied with a mass of literature, *all of which is published in the interest of Foreign Missions.*

Surely, nothing could be fairer than this method of gathering evidence. Having waded through this literature, I venture to give to our readers some of the results.

SCHOOLS.

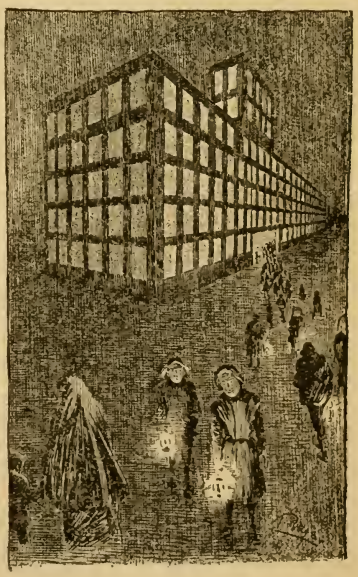
Those who have undertaken to defend the secular education which is a part of the work of Foreign Missions have boldly asserted that the schools established in heathen lands are self-supporting. In other words the heathen pay for what they get. No answer could be more complete and satisfactory. If the heathen are maintaining at their own cost the elaborate system which takes their children into kindergarten, conducts them through the schools and finishes them off in the college, that is their right. If they yearn for an English education so earnestly that they are willing to pay for it, let them have it, by all means. And the clergymen who come up against me on this issue assert that the heathen *are* supporting the schools. The *Advocate* declares that so far as the Methodist schools are concerned, it *knows* that their schools in heathen lands *are self-supporting.*

Well,—"Gentlemen of the jury, that makes the issue which you are to try."

Do the heathen support the schools which foreign missionaries establish in pagan lands?

I say that they do not, and that they have never done so. From the books and pamphlets and papers, *in favor of Foreign Missions,* furnished me by the preachers, I will prove that these kindergartens, schools, colleges and dispensaries are *not* self-supporting.

The American Board of Missions in its Almanac for 1909 publishes much statistical information. Ordinarily, I would not quote from an Almanac in a public discussion, but as this one *was published in the interest of Foreign Missions,* we may safely assume that it contains no statement made for the purpose of throwing cold water on the work.



Night-workers in a cotton mill in the South. One of the schools for *our* babies. The good missionaries wouldn't allow such an outrage upon the Chinese and Korean children

On page 32, I find the "condensed tabular view of Missions of A. B. C. F. M., 1907-8." The countries embraced in the report are Africa, Turkey, Ceylon, China, Japan, Micronesia, the Philippines, Mexico, Spain and Austria.

These foreign missions maintained 554 churches, 1,293 schools, employed more than 4,700 preachers, teachers and other workers.

Now how much do you suppose was the total amount of *native contributions* to defray the cost of that great work?

It was $254,000. To say nothing of the running expenses of the churches, there were 64,546 pupils in the schools. How many teachers had to be hired for that multitude of children? You can figure that out for yourself. If we apply *to the schools, alone,* the entire sum collected from the heathen, we will see that the children were given schooling at a cost of *four dollars each, per year.* One dollar per quarter would be cheap education, wouldn't it? But, of course, the heathen contributions went only in part to the schools, some of it going to the support of the churches. Therefore, it appears conclusively that the 1,293 schools of the American Board are *not,* by any means, self-supporting. The total outlay of the Board for these churches and schools is given at $795,090. Therefore, they fall short of being self-supporting by more than $500,000. In other words, the heathen contribute less than one-third of the total expense.

On page 35 of the same Almanac is found statistics of "Principal Foreign Missionary societies of the Evangelical Churches of the United States, 1907-8."

The total of native contributions, *for all purposes,* is given at $1,564,981.

These societies operate in some of the most opulent parts of heathendom,—countries that have been wealthy and civilized.

The native contributions, amounting to a million and a half dollars have to be divided among 5,745 churches, 1,105 principal stations, 10,410 out stations, 32,000 preachers and workers, and 344,533 natives "under instruction." I regret that the report does not tell us the number of schools, but as the number of those under instruction was meant for pupils (as other reports in the Almanac prove) we have facts enough to go on. It takes no other argument than the figures themselves to convince you that the heathen who contributed only $1,564,981 could not have kept up the schools even if none of their contributions had gone to the support of the churches (5,745) and of the stations (11,575) and of the 32,000 preachers and workers.

In this report, each denominational organization appears separately. Curious to learn how the figures bear out the confident statement of the *Advocate,* I select the statistics of the Methodist societies.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is reported to have collected from the heathen less than half a million dollars and to have spent upon them more than two millions. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is reported as collecting from the heathen $39,000, and spending on them $727,729.

Where are the heathen doing any self-support church work and school work?

The *exception* to the rule is that they *do; the rule* is that they *don't.* Where one college favorably situated, and after a decade of toil and expense has at last been brought to a basis of self-support a great shout of victory goes up, and Christendom rings with it; but nothing much is said in the papers about the thousands of schools that have been a dead

expense, and which apparently never will be anything else. The *Advocate* hooted at my statement that heathen children had been bribed to attend missionary schools by the offer of food, clothing, books, cash and other persuaders. The *Advocate* denounced this as the "shallow vaporing of Mr. Watson." The deep men who write editorials for the *Advocate* have been too busy, (or too worried about my house, my stenographer and my overseer) to read the evidence of such missionaries as Rev. T. P. Crawford who worked in the Chinese field for fifty years. I quoted what he said that he and his wife had to do, in order to get the Chinese children to the mission schools. But Crawford was a Baptist preacher, and perhaps the *Advocate* is waiting for the introduction of some Methodist witnesses. All right. Here goes.

In its issue of March 5th, 1909, the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* published a Report on the Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church, Pages 26 and 27. The editors prefaced the statistics by saying that "the facts concerning the work of our church abroad should encourage us greatly in our prayers and our giving."

Let us take a look at these facts which are to make us pray more and give more.

We find the China mission first, of course. All of us are going crazy about China,—consequently China heads this encouraging list.

According to the *Advocate,* we (Methodists) have three hospitals and one dispensary over there, and eight self-supporting churches, and we collected from the Chinese, for all purposes, the sum of forty-three hundred dollars. If that amount is correctly given, it is pitiful. The Methodist Chinese Mission was opened in 1848, and organized into a conference in 1886, and yet the Church can collect *in one of the richest countries in the world,* where there are more than 400,000,000 people, only the beggarly little wad of $4,300! Surely, the *Advocate* must have got the figures wrong. We can not, humanly, increase our prayers and our gifts on such encouragement as *that.*

Japan is also one of the rich, powerful, civilized countries, and the *Advocate* tells about mission work *there.*

The Methodists have only thirteen churches there, and but three of these support themselves. Ten are unable to stand alone. They have to lie in the arms of the Home Church, and draw nourishment from her motherly breast.

In the great, prosperous Brazil, there are twenty-four churches and but five of them can stand on their own legs.

The Central Mexican Mission *has not a single self-supporting church;* the Mexican Border Conference is in the same fix.

Does the *Advocate* mean to say that "converts" who won't support their churches *will* support the mission schools? I invite the editors to give us the facts in detail. How many schools have you in China, Japan, India, South America, etc.? How much is the total cost, and how much of that do you get from the natives?

In Nashville, Tenn., there is a Methodist paper called "Go Forward." It is an aggressive paper, and the way it whoops up Foreign Missions is in keeping with its name.

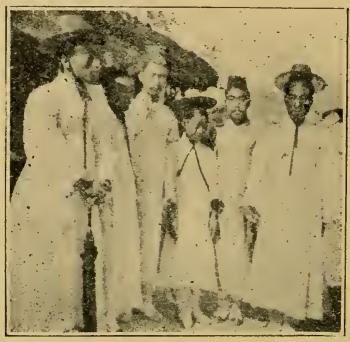
Asking you to bear in mind that the *Advocate* claims that the

Methodist mission schools, in heathen lands, are self-supporting, I will quote a few bits of evidence to the contrary from *"Go Forward."*

January, 1909. Miss E. Ling Soong writes to "Go Forward," and among other things descriptive of conditions in China, she says:

"Scattered all over the country are *government schools,* which offer educational advantages *to any earnest student.* Besides these, *there are mission schools supported by the Christian Churches of the West."*

Miss E. Ling Soong ought to know. She is a Chinese woman, a resident of China. She is describing conditions in her own country, as she saw them in the latter part of 1908. And she tells "Go Forward" that *the mission schools are supported by the Christian Churches of the West.* If those schools are self-supporting, why does this Chinese lady speak of them as subsidized schools?



SIX KOREAN STUDENTS OF THE OFFICIAL CLASS, SONGDO, KOREA

March 5, 1909. Bishop Seth Ward has an article in the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tenn. The paper is Methodist, and the Bishop is a Methodist. Hear ye him:

"The support of missionaries * * * *the establishment and maintenance of schools* of lower grade are the usual beginnings of missionary work, and are forms of service that *may be supported at moderate cost."*

This Methodist Bishop not only sustains my position as to the facts, but proves that *free secular schooling is a regular feature in missionary work.*

March, 1906. Ida L. Shannon writing *"Go Forward,"* about the Hiroshima Girls' School, speaks of the free kindergarten, where the little heathen are so tenderly taken in hand and given that early training which millions of poor children in America do not receive.

October, 1906. Miss Fannie Montague reporting on the school at El Paso, which is patronized by El Paso and Juarez, Mexico, says:

"There has never been any tuition charged."

February, 1908. Miss Mary Myers writing to *"Go Forward"* from Korea describes the "ideal location" and conditions of Lucy Cuninggim school for Korean girls. There are thirty lovely little heathen Misses in this school, learning English, "Chinese classics," physiology, geography and other things good for heathen girls. Says Miss Myers, "There are children kept away for lack of room and money." *Whose money?* Evidently, the money of the Home Churches. Miss Mary's fascinating picture of that ideal Korean school leads up winningly to a plea for the passing around of the hat, here in the West.

In the same number of *"Go Forward,"* we find a stout communication from Brother W. G. Cram. He does not mince his words. He hits out straight from the shoulder,—does Brother Cram. Says he,

"We as a Church *owe* the young manhood and womanhood of our Church an education and *they must have it.*"

Brother Cram is not speaking of what "we owe" to the young manhood and womanhood of *America*, but to what "we owe" to the boys and girls of *Korea*. Brother Cram tells our Methodist brethren that "appeals for new buildings or equipment should be promptly responded to, for *no better investment of the money can be made.*"

That doesn't sound as if Brother Cram expected the Koreans to support the system of education which "we owe" to their boys and girls, does it? Fanaticism has complete control of the missionary mind when we find it advancing the claim that the Methodist Church, South *owes a secular education to boys and girls of Korea.*

In the same issue of "Go Forward," there is a letter from Miss Lillian Nichols of Seoul, Korea. She describes the inner workings of the Carolina Institute for Korean girls. This school was founded by American money, and is supported by the Home Church. Korean girls of ten years of age are taken into the institution and *kept continuously there until they marry.* Miss Lillian says so herself. She says that at first she thought it was very hard on the mothers of these tots to take their little daughters away from them, but "as I find more and more *how little* these mothers can do for their children, I rejoice to see them come into our school," where *so much* can be done for them. In the Carolina Institute the Korean girls are lodged, boarded, dressed, educated and kept in ideal comfort until they marry!

I wonder how many Carolina Institutes we American Christians might fill, in these United States; and I wonder how it is that, with such letters as Miss Lillian's appearing every month in Methodist periodicals, the editors of the *Advocate* have the cheek to say that the mission schools of *"our church"* are self-supporting.

Miss Lillian's long and interesting communication winds up with the usual winning plea for *more money.* She says that the need is pressing and "the opportunity is urgent." I believe it. Simple, stupid and utterly negligible as the Koreans are, they are *not* so blind as not to recognize a good thing. Cosy quarters, comfortable clothing, three square meals a day, free education and industrial training,—why, even the childish Koreans appreciate a soft snap of that kind.

In the same issue of *"Go Forward,"* is what appears to be an editorial appeal for funds to establish a new mission station in Korea. The sum needed was $5,000. Three thousand dollars had been subscribed in the South, but that wasn't enough. Whooping up the faithful for the other two thousand, the editor says, "We can not afford to hesitate, and we can not afford to lose this opportunity. The other two thousand dollars we *must* have, and we must have it *soon.* Every dollar now will count for two and a half in the outcome."

The ministerial mind is given to subtleties, but we really would like to know how the editor of *"Go Forward"* figured the thing out in that particular way. How did he arrive at the two dollars and a half? When our prognostications and ratiocinations get the future of our spiritual welfare demonstrated in fractions of a dollar, we are certainly going *some!*

July, 1903. The editor of *"Go Forward"* informs his excited sub-

scribers that he has received a letter from Rev. K. Ashida, professor in Kwansei Gakuin, Japan. Brother Ashida, we are told, is a graduate of Vanderbilt University. He is a convert, and is now trying to Christianize his fellow Japs. *"Go Forward"* assures us that Brother Ashida is thoroughly prepared for his work, and that *"his soul is in it."* Yet we are pained to learn that Brother Ashida is dissatisfied with the amount of salary paid him by the Home Church. He, in fact, is kicking about it. In this, he has the sympathy of "Go Forward." The editor says it *"is a disgrace to the Church* that attempts on such pittances to maintain a College supplying a Christian education *to compete with the splendid facilities offered by the Japanese schools."*

Typical children who are fought for by both mill and school. The average age in one school was nine years, and the teachers give the names of thirty-five children from seven to fourteen who have been compelled to forsake educational opportunities for employment in the mill. Similar deplorable conditions can be found in the majority of the cotton-mill towns

Reader, think a moment—*for God's sake,* THINK!

Here is Japan,—progressive, victorious, powerful, rich. She has offered her children *"splendid facilities"* for education. Yet the Methodist Church, South is required to pour money into Japan *to compete with the Japanese government* in giving a secular schooling to Japanese children!

Could fanaticism be madder? *Where is the scripture for this unnatural and impossible task?* How can the people of this country be expected to educate their own children and bear, at the same time, the expense of secular education to the hundreds of millions of heathen children whose own governments are offering them *"splendid facilities"* in their public schools?

When I reveal the facts to our people, in order that they may *give with their eyes open,* I am savagely denounced. Why so? What wrong have I done? Is it a sin to let in the light? Is it a crime to publish the truth?

I urge our people to stop where Christ stopped, where the disciples stopped, where Paul and the early Fathers stopped. I urge our people not to do more for the heathen than Paul and the disciples did, *until we have first discharged our full duty to our own flesh and blood,* our own kith and kin, our own national household. Is this treason to Christ? I can not think so.

Ah, they pretend that all this talk about furnishing free schooling in the foreign mission work is the "shallow vaporing" of that bad man, Watson,—who is a disturber of the peace, a bull in the crockery depart-

ment, a hawk in the fowl-yard, an evil minded person who dwells in magnificence, employs a stenographer, and also an overseer! Oh, the terrors of clerical logic!

But let us attend to our knitting, and pick up a few more facts.

July, 1903. On page 17, of *"Go Forward"* we find "The Apportionment and the Needs." The faithful are told that "The Committee on the Forward Movement for Foreign Missions decided to ask first of all that provision be made for the following objects in the amounts named."

Granbery College, Brazil	$15,000
Kwansei Gakuin, Japan	50,000
Hiroshima Girls' School, Japan	10,000
Purchase of Mission Property in Cuba	25,000
Training School in Mexico	30,000
Buildings for Evangelistic Work, China	15,000
Industrial School, Songdo, Korea	5,000

Here is a tiny total of $150,000, for schools in heathen lands. Not for preachers, not for couriers to carry the glad tidings, not for heralds to blow the Gospel bugle and proclaim Christ's message of soul salvation! No. The money is to be spent in giving to foreign children that which we are not giving to our own! A secular education which the foreign governments are amply able to provide, and for which those foreign governments are offering "splendid facilities."

Now let us examine some of the *books,* published in favor of Foreign Missions.

Take the large work entitled "Missionary Issues of the Twentieth Century," brought out by Order of the Executive Committee of General Missionary Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. On page 141, is found a discussion of the support of schools and colleges *out of missionary funds.* It is stated that these institutions are "not for professional studies nor for training in scientific pursuits." Even these, however, may be provided in special cases; but, as a rule, the secular education "supported by general mission funds" should be restricted to teaching the student how to use his facilities, to grounding him in the first principles of knowledge in the various departments of thought and effort, and in ethics and great central truths of the gospel, in order "that he may quadrate his life by these and become a constructive force in the moral and social regeneration of the world."

GIRLS AT CAROLINA INSTITUTE, SEOUL, HAVING DINNER ON THE LAWN

In this book, published by the Methodist Church, we find that the Church deliberately adopts, *as a settled polity,* the doing of the very thing which the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* bitterly denies that *"our church"* does!

In this book, the Methodist Church sets forth its plan of foreign missionary work, and when I publish facts showing that the Church is working in accordance with the plan adopted,—my statements are contradicted. I am accused of ignorance, and I am held up to universal execration. To cap the climax of my iniquities, I am indicted for having a "magnificent home," a stenographer and an overseer!

It's a shame! Why don't these Methodist editors read their own papers and books?

On page 158 of the same work, we find the statement that these schools, *"except what are known as charity schools,* favor some payment, however small, for tuition."

Now what is the literal fact? Foreign Missionaries have adopted the kindergarten, the school, and the college as a regular part of their system, and we are called upon to support this elaborate system of secular education. They collect what they can from the natives, — the deficit has to come from the people here at home. Why make any bones about it? Why not let the cat out of the bag, and be done with it?

The sign of the mill. The cotton lint on the hat and trousers of the oldest boy, gathered from the fine particles in the atmosphere of the mill, shows the conditions under which the children work at all times

In Bishop Bashford's book—the book in which he puts forth his own views as those of God,—we are told that we must not expect the heathen when converted to become self-supporting. We would be asking too much, if we required a Chinese congregation to support a Chinese preacher. It would be unreasonable of us to request a Japanese congregation to support a Jap minister. Says the Bishop,—communicating "God's plan" to us, mind you,—"To ask these new converts from heathenism to become immediately self-supporting is like asking your baby in the cradle to earn its own living."

What a peculiar statement it is for Bishop Bashford to make—that when a Jap or Hindu, or a Chinaman is converted to Christianity, *he becomes as helpless as a baby* and must become a nursling of the Home

Church! *As a heathen,* he is capable of earning his own living and supporting his idolatrous priests, but the moment he flops and calls himself *a Christian,* he must be taken care of *with European cash!* And the Bishop declares that it would be unkind of us if we did not nurse this religious baby,—how long? The Bishop fails to say. If his analogy is true, the infant convert can not be expected to support his church until his conversion is fifteen or more years old.

It wasn't that way with the heathen converts of Paul, Barnabas, Peter and the other pioneers. Their heathen men *remained men,* AFTER conversion; *they* did not become babies; and *they* not only supported their own churches, but sent out missionaries to spread the gospel!

The fact that an intelligent man, *a Bishop!* could not only think up a statement like Bishop Bashford's, but actually put it in a book, is another evidence of how a man's mind may degenerate for lack of conflict. The Bishop has had nobody to "sass back" at him, and therefore his intellectual habit has become slip shod.

New converts are like babes in the cradle,—are they? They must pull on the teat of the Home Church,—eh? Well, *well,* WELL! I thought it was a universally accepted fact that if ever a convert, at home or abroad, was capable of *anything,* it was while the change of heart was fresh upon him—fresh in the ecstasy, the rapture, the enthusiasm, the zeal, *the yearning to go right straight and carry the glorious contagion to some unconverted soul.*

And now Bishop Bashford, (speaking for God, remember,) tells me that I must give up this pleasant illusion, and adopt the view that a convert from heathenism is as helpless as a babe, must be nursed at the breast, rocked in cradle, dandled on the knee, carefully robed in soft raiment, patiently encouraged to crawl, nicely fitted to the trundle-bed, and critically tended as he essays to walk.

Dear me! I am sorry to hear that. Granting that the Bishop is right, however, I am moved to ask, "Couldn't we spend the same money to better advantage here at home, converting Caucasians who will not need the nursery process?"

On pages 36 and 37, Bishop Bashford tells us that the foreign missionaries need from *three to five million dollars* to put the Bible in the home of every Chinese family, not to speak of other needy nations. Says the Bishop, "The missionary collection must, therefore, supply us in the twenty-six pagan lands not only with parsonages, with churches, with pastors, with literature, *but with colleges, preparatory schools, and seminaries, and in addition with day-schools, corresponding with the common schools in the United States.*"

Here is a Methodist Bishop, in a book published only two years ago, declaring that *"God's plan" demands* of the Home Church and home people *the support of a complete system of secular education of the heathen.* Bishop Bashford declares the Church *must do this.* He says that it is God's plan. Who told him so? I don't know, for *Christ* didn't and the *Bible* doesn't. But it is a marvel that when I say in the *Jeffersonian* that the Church *is* doing the very things which the Bishop declares it *must* do, I am vilified and my statements dismissed as "shallow vaporings."

Let me be perfectly fair, and admit that the Home Church uses all of its influence toward getting these foreign schools on a self-sustaining

basis. Owing to the waking up of China, *by the rude shock of recent wars,* she is turning to Western arts and sciences in order that she may prepare herself as Japan did, *to defend herself in future emergencies.* There is a demand now for Western learning and methods. It took the roar of guns and the sight of blood to arouse the Celestials, but they are awake at last. They have no idea of accepting our religion, but they *do* want to learn *what we know.* They want to be able to do what we do.

TWO W. M. U. TRAINING SCHOOL GIRLS. MISSES ABERNETHY AND HENSLEY IN CHEFOO GIRLS' SCHOOL

Therefore, the wealthy classes in China are at last patronizing the Western schools, and in that way some of them have become self-supporting. But these are the exceptional cases. Generally, the mission begins with the free school, and when we bear in mind the fact that heathendom has barely been touched and that free schools must be opened to at least 800,000,000 heathen,—we can begin to realize how frightful is our self-imposed burden.

The great leading thought is this: Without any scriptural authority for it, we have committed our churches to the policy of going to such countries as Japan and China *to compete with those governments in the secular education of their own children.*

It would be a most questionable policy, even if we had erased the foul blot of illiteracy from our own map and had so much surplus money that it was a nuisance to us;—but to pursue such a course, when our people are financially harassed, when two million of our laborers are out of work, and our own children—*millions of them,*—are growing up in ignorance and under conditions which are brutalizing, *is nothing less than* A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.

* * *

Now let us see what *the Baptists* are doing in the foreign field, Let us see to what extent *their* schools and colleges in heathendom are self-supporting.

On page 27 of "Mission Economics" by Rev. C. H. Carpenter, is found a summary of the subsidies paid for schools and native workers, from 1875 to 1884, inclusive; also the amount contributed by the natives.

In the Japan mission we spent of our own money $31,534. The Japs chipped in to the lavish extent of *one hundred and forty-five dollars.*

Our ducats went into the Shan schools to the merry tune of $15,675.57. The natives rolled up a help-out fund of *fifty-four dollars.* In Kakhyen, our share in the expenses was $1,200.51. The natives shelled out $55.20.

At the Thatone Mission, we appear to have fished for four years without getting a single solitary bite. Not even a nibble. Yet we squandered $865.65, and we didn't pull the heathen for one red cent.

We Baptists are justly proud of our Karen. Whenever a Methodist yells *"China!"* at us, we holler back, *"Karens!"*

Well, we turned loose $137,000 on the schools of Karens, and the natives uncoupled from $28,800.

In Assam we seem to have fallen down, badly. The schools there cost us $50,000, and the natives came across with only $257.

In the immense and opulent empire of China we dumped $65,000,

The six little children in this picture represent the ideal family desired by mill operators—more grist for the hopper in which so many thousands of our children have been ground. Driven to desperation by grinding poverty the oldest boy was sent to work before our investigator found the family, and the next eldest was about to apply for a "fraudulent" certificate. The case is now being considered by a benevolent organization, with a bright prospect of ameliorating these conditions, and before long the children who are old enough will be sent to school

teaching the youthful Chinese ideas how to shoot. John co-operated to the conservative amount of $885.

The Telegu schools appear to have hit us for $189,000. The natives halted at $701.

In Burma we spread ourselves and got loose from $140,000 of our filthy stuff. The natives hoarded theirs,—excepting the unimpressive sum of $3,356.

TABLE V, AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

Showing the Subsidies paid to each Mission for Schools and Native Work for 1885, the Native Contributions so far as reported for the same year, and the Ratio of those Subsidies to the Contributions.

Mission.	Church Members in 1885.	Subsidy from A. B. M. Union.	Native Contributions so far as reported.
Bassein, Sgau Karen	7,192	$ 908.00	$13,824.02
Rangoon, Sgau Karen	4,349	1,232.50	4,003.77
Shwaygyeen, Karen	1,104	491.67	924.51
Henthada, Karen	2,476	2,679.94	3,656.80
Bassein, Pwo Karen	1,190	1,647.07	2,044.43
Rangoon and Maoobin Pwo Karen	468	854.91	742.12
Toungoo, Bgahi Karen	2,530	2,752.76	2,087.20
Toungoo, Paku and Red Karen	2,259	2,223.91	1,534.41
Maulmain, Karen	1,264	1,549.14	765.06
Tavoy, Karen	924	1,217.01	501.68
Lakon, Karen	161	.....	27.80
Karen Theological Seminary	....	1,250.00	.....
Rangoon Baptist College (one-half)	....	712.50	.....
Totals	23,917	$ 17,519.41	$30,093.80
Prome, Burman	237	664.00	477.52
Henthada, Burman	87	525.00	332.13
Rangoon, Burman	343	3,670.94	1,066.71
Thongzai, Burman	375	1,828.33	320.00
Toungoo, Burman	25	683.77	102.24
Zeegong, Burman	170	1,453.02	210.20
Maulmain, Burman	282	5,223.13	587.60
Bassein, Burman	58	563.33	54.80
Shwaygyeen, Burman	9	901.71	4.00
Tavoy, Burman	10	.....	92.05
Rangoon Baptist College (one-half)	....	712.50	.....
Totals	1,596	$ 16,225.73	$ 3,247.25
Shan Missions	35	1,670.29	87.38
Japanese Missions	367	4,352.68	310.00
Bangkok, Chinese	100	506.10	.....
Southern China	994	3,570.12	.....
Eastern China	317	2,917.45	150.26
Totals	1,411	$ 6,993.67	$ 150.26
Sibsagor, Assam	200	919.64	58.20
Tura, Garo Hills	769	2,305.16	94.15
Nowgong, Assam	93	1,236.70	39.92

Gowahati, Assam	639	.....	16.93
Molong, Naga Hills	25	195.00	.....
Kohima, Naga Hills	5	.....	24.00
Totals	1,731	$ 4,656.50	$ 233.20
Secunderabad, Telugu	109	623.38	102.33
Hanamakonda, Telugu	16	177.00	.....
Bapatla, Telugu	836	3,096.49	440.00
Madras, Telugu	44	3,532.26	360.00
Kurnool, Telugu	184	120.16	8.58
Vinukonda, Telugu	2,653	1,655.61	60.00
Cumbum, Telugu	4,000	2,294.16	63.51
Nellore, Telugu	479	5,696.76	96.50
Nursaravapetta, Telugu	2,807	2,541.09	40.23
Ramapatam, Telugu	631	3,951.63	.....
Ongole, Telugu	14,632	24,712.39	.....
Udayagiri, Telugu	5	1,006.23	.....
Totals	26,396	$ 49,407.16	$ 1,171.15
Grand totals, Asia	55,453	$100,825.44	$35,293.04

For the whole Karen Mission, the subsidies amount on the average to seventy-three cents per member, the contributions to $1.26 per member.

For all the Burman missions the aggregate subsidies average $10.16, and the aggregate contributions $2.03, per member.

But enough. If I have not made good the statement that we are *giving* to the heathen *a thorough secular education,* it would be useless to introduce further testimony. It would only be cumulative.

In articles following this, in other numbers of the magazine, I will take up the subjects of dispensary work, the bribery of alleged converts; the erection of unnecessarily fine school houses, college buildings and churches; the absurd missions in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and South America; the viciousness of the Board and Home support system; the shameful neglect of the duties that we owe to our own people; the folly of attacking Catholicism in foreign fields and fearing to face it here at home; the national menace of draining our resources off into lands beyond seas; and the blind unwisdom of straining every energy to the conquest of heathendom, when all the open-eyed people know that Christ has well-nigh lost his hold on Christendom!

Not in malice, not aimlessly, but with an earnest, commendable purpose, I am going to let the people know the facts.

GOSPEL PLAN OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(By Rev. E. Lund.)

(1.) *"The apostolic evangelists needed a special preparation which consisted in the 'clothing with power from on high' previous to their going into 'all the world to preach the gospel to every creature.'"* See Luke

xxiv, 46-49; Acts i, 4, 8; ii, 4; iv, 29-31; vi, 3, 5; ix, 17; xi, 22, 24; 2 Cor., i, 19-22; 2 Tim., i, 5-8; 1 Tim., iv, 14; Tit., i, 4; iii, 4-6.

(2.) *"The apostolic evangelists were guided as to their movements by the word and the Spirit of God."* Read and compare John xiv, 26; Luke xxiv, 47; Acts i, 12; ii, 4; v, 21; Acts i, 8; viii, 1, 5; Mark xvi, 15; Acts viii, 26, 29, 39; ix, 10-18; Matt. xxviii, 19; Acts x, 19, 20; xi, 1-18; Acts i, 8; xiii, 4; xviii, 9, 10; Acts xiii, 46, 47; xvi, 7-10; Matt. x, 14, 23; Acts ix, 23-30; xii, 18-19; xiii, 51; xiv, 6, 19, 20; xvii, 5-10; xviii, 6.

(3.) *"The apostolic evangelists went from place to place, preaching the gospel where it had not been preached, but did not settle as the fixed pastors of churches or as teachers of schools."* Read and compare Mark xvi, 15; Acts i, 8; Rom. xv, 20, 21; 2 Cor. x, 15, 16; Acts xiii, 4-6, 13, 14, 51; xiv, 6; xvi, 6, 11, 12; xvii, 1, 10, 15; xviii, 1; xix, 1; 2 Tim. iv, 5; 1 Tim. iii, 1-15; Tit. i, 5; Acts xiv, 23.

(4.) *"As a rule, the apostolic evangelists continued their preaching in each new place, if not rejected, until there were converts or disciples."* See Acts viii, 5, 12; x, 24, 44, 48; xi, 20, 21, 25, 26; xiii, 6, 12, 14, 48, 52; xiv, 1, 3, 6, 21-23; xvi, 12, 15, 32-34; xvii, 1, 2, 4, 10, 12, 16, 34; xviii, 1, 11, 8; xix, 1, 8, 9, 10, 18, 20.

(5.) *The apostolic evangelists visited their churches to strengthen them in the faith and, when necessary, to help them to arrange church matters.* See Acts xiv, 21, 22; xv, 36, 41; xvi, 4, 5; xviii, 22, 23; xix, 21, 22; xx, 1, 2; xxi, 3-6; Eph. vi, 22; Phil. ii, 19, 28, 29; Col. iv, 8; 1 Thess. iii, 2; Acts xiv, 23; 1 Tim. i, 3; 2 Tim. ii, 2; 1 Tim. iii, 2; 1 Cor. iv, 16-21; Tit. 1, 5.

(6.) *"The apostolic workers began their preaching with 'repentance and forgiveness of sin in the name of Jesus Christ.'"* See Luke xxiv, 47; Matt. iii, 2; iv, 17; Mark i, 16; vi, 12; Luke xiii, 3, 5; xv, 7, 10; Acts ii, 38; iii, 19; xvii, 30; xi, 18; xx, 21; xxvi, 20.

(7.) *"The apostolic workers taught inquirers 'the way of God more perfectly.'"* Compare Matt. xi, 25; Acts ii, 37-41, viii, 27-38, xvi, 30-33; Matt. xx, 17-19; Acts 18, 24-26; xix, 1-7; Mark iv, 10, 11; Acts x, 21-48; Matt. xxviii, 19, 20; Acts xx, 20; xxviii, 30, 31.

(8.) *"The apostolic evangelists baptized believers as Christ had commanded."* See Mark xvi, 15, 16; Acts ii, 37-41; viii, 12, 35-38; ix, 1-18; x, 44-48; xvi, 13-15, 29-34; xviii, 4-8; 1 Cor. i, 16; xvi, 15; Acts xix, 1-7; Rom. vi, 4; John iii, 23; Matt. iii, 16.

(9.) *"They organized local churches with baptized converts only."* Read and compare 1 Cor. 1, 2, 13; Gal. i, 1-5; iii, 25-27; Eph. i, 1; iv, 5; v, 26; Col. i, 1; ii, 12; Rom. i, 7; vi, 3, 5; 1 Peter i, 1, 2; iii, 21; Acts ii, 41.

(10.) *"The apostolic evangelists 'appointed elders in every church.'"* See Acts xiv, 23; Tit. i, 5; Acts xx, 17, 28; Phil. i, 1; compare 2 Cor. viii, 18, 19; Acts vi, 2-6; also 2 Tim. iv, 5; ii, 2; Tit. i, 5-9.

(11.) *"On their departure from such recently organized churches the apostolic evangelists 'commended them to the Lord' to 'receive edifying'*

and 'be builded up' by means of Spiritual 'gifts, divided to each one' of the members 'according to the measure of the gift of Christ.'" See Acts xiv, 23; xx, 32; 1 Cor. xii, xiii, xiv; Rom. xii, 3-8; 1 Peter iv, 10, 11; Eph. iv, 7-16; v, 18-20; Col. iii, 16.

(12.) *"The apostolic evangelists commended the churches to the Lord, not only to 'receive edifying' but to be aggressive continuers of the work they had begun, 'showing forth the excellencies of him who had called them out of the darkness unto his marvelous light.'"* Compare 1 Thess. ii, 10-12; i, 6-8; iv, 1, 2; Phil. i, 6-8, 14, 27, 28; Eph. vi, 11-20; 1 Peter iii, 15-17; Col. iv, 5, 6; 1 Peter ii, 9; iii, 1, 2; Jude 21; 1 John v, 5; Eph. v, 8; Phil. ii, 15, 16; 1 Peter ii, 12, 15; Matt. v, 15, 16.

(13.) "They left their churches under Christ, as the head, to work and develop as independent, self-supporting and self-governing institutions, sustaining a relation of equality and fraternity both between the members of each individual church and between the different churches in general." See Eph. 1, 22, 23; iv, 15, 16; v, 23; Rev. ii, iii; 2 Thess. iii, 10-13; 1 Thess. iv, 11, 12; Eph, iv, 28; Acts xx, 35; Matt. xviii, 17; 1 Cor. v, 1-13; 2 Cor. ii, 6; 2 Thess. iii, 6, 14; Acts ix, 26-28; Rom. xiv, 1; Acts i, 15-26; vi, 3-5; xiv, 23; 2 Cor. viii, 18, 19; Acts xi, 22; xiii, 1-4; xv, 22, 25; Matt. xxiii, 8; Gal. iii, 26-29; 1 Tim. vi, 2; 1 Peter ii, 9; Acts xi, 29, 30; Gal. ii, 10; 2 Cor. viii, ix.

THE BAYOU TECHE.

The spirit of Evangeline still hovers o'er the stream;
The sadness of her tender voice, her soft eyes' loving beam,
Are heard in water's murmur and seen in water's gleam.

More softly falls at noonday here the sunshine's ardent ray,
More deeply, 'neath the dark, still oaks, the shades of twilight gray,
More weirdly pale the moonlight pure when solemn night holds sway.

The mocking birds attune their throats here to a song more sweet,
And, all the day and all the night, the tales that they repeat
Of love that is more strong than death, the enraptured listener greet.

And he who, from the enchanted stream, doth, thirsting, quaff one drink,
Will always for its waters long, and, waking, sleeping, think,
Of quietude and sweet repose upon the bayou's brink.

The thought, the dream, becomes some time, more potent than his will;
No happiness again he finds, seek as he may, until
Upon the banks of Teche he stands, 'neath moss-hung boughs so still,
Then hope and joy and peace, at last, the way-worn bosom thrill.

STELLA TRUMAN WAYNE

American Cotton Should Be America's

By DANIEL J. SULLY

EUROPE'S control of cotton, the most important harvest on our continent, has been for years, as all men know, a financial and industrial burden to us. Above all others, the farmers of the South have suffered from this handicap placed upon our chief staple by alien hands.

The auspicious thing now is that the growers of cotton, and interests pledged to saving the crop from foreign control, are moving toward plans to work in unison. Americans have begun to co-operate with Americans; and cotton is coming into its own.

There was a time in the history of this country when co-operation was not indispensable. The conditions which made it possible for a man to live successfully aloof from his fellows have passed away. It was a great age, and picturesque, but it is gone, and we must adjust ourselves to the newer civilization.

The frontiersman lived a life unto himself. In his remote and crude cabin hermitage, what the cities bought and sold did not concern him much. He did not watch the wires; there were no wires to watch. The people of the Old World were as far away from his activities and interests as if they dwelt on another planet. His only thought of Europe was that it was the home of the rulers from whose dominance, our forefathers had, as he believed, made us free forever. Financial plots in Liverpool, Havre or Bremen did not affect the American farmer.

Foreign influences before the days of the telegraph could not readily destroy the value of a crop. An international market instantly sensitiv to world-wide changes did not exist Up to recent decades, the sailing shi was the fleetest carrier of news. An so the buyer could not in Europe con trol the prices of an agricultural pro duct three thousand miles away.

One hundred years ago it took lon ger to carry news across a river tha it does now to convey it across a sea We can understand the slow pace o communication when we read that i took three weeks for the news of Mad ison's election to reach the citizen of Kentucky. And it is frequentl pointed out that the great battle o New Orleans was fought and glorious ly won by Jackson and his soldiers couple of weeks after the news o the end of the war and the signing o the treaty of peace between Americ and England had started to the Unit ed States from France.

The times have marvelously chang ed. What happens today in Londo Berlin, Shanghai or Tokio is know forthwith throughout all cities an countries, as if the event had take place across the street, or on th neighboring farm. And this ha made it possible for men to contr enterprises whose interests extend t distant continents.

Manipulators in Europe can now s at their telegraph desks and in the own interests strangle our cotton i dustry. This is peculiarly a mode achievement, and America must me these alien influences by mode means. Single-handed, no man America can successfully resist t European domination of our cott crop.

Because European interests, taking advantage of modern conditions, have combined, while the American planter and his friends have not, the world has witnessed the remarkable spectacle of the control of cotton passing from the country that grows it.

If we were subjects of foreign rulers we could not be more completely under the industrial yoke of Europe.

There is a wide spread feeling in America that the intelligent people of this country, and particularly of the South, will not continue much longer to permit Europe to grow rich on our cotton harvest while keeping the planter poor. The Southern cotton farmer is now coming into the full realization that cotton is the most important thing produced by man; and that as America grows the greater part of the world's supply, this country is blessed with the greatest natural monopoly in history. The nations of the world could get along without other American products. In fact many of the things we are now selling abroad we can not indefinitely export. Lumber, for example, and copper, and steel, are limited in quantity, while our food products will, before long, be required at home. But should the older nations be unable to secure raw cotton from this country, industrial stagnation and wild financial panic would paralyze the progress of the nations whose strong men now control our cotton world.

Their motive for dominating this all important harvest is plain. It is indispensable to the industrial life of European countries to secure our cotton and they naturally seek to obtain it at the lowest possible price.

The Southern farmer is beginning to understand that he grows the crop without which civilization would be impossible; that cotton is the soul of industrial life of the leading countries of Europe, and the secret of their success in foreign trade.

The Southern farmer knows that cotton goods constitute the clothing of the people of all nations, and that the traffic in cotton goods is the most important factor in fixing the rate of exchange.

As cotton is, therefore, the foundation of modern success throughout the world it would seem that the million and more men in the South now producing this indispensable crop should be prosperous beyond all possibility of debt and profitless struggle. But the contrary is unfortunately true. It is one of the pathetic and iniquitous conditions of contemporary life that the producer of cotton is underpaid. Yet the planter now toiling almost without recompense has within his reach the opportunity to free himself from debt and agricultural slavery.

Not in theory but in fact the price of cotton can be fixed by the people that produce it. This is an issue of interest to the whole American people, for if we cast off the industrial sovereignty under which the Southern planter now toils without adequate pay, we shall introduce a new element of financial strength into this country which will benefit not alone the cotton grower but the country as a whole.

Today although the people of the South produce the commodity which is woven into the very life of nations, the planters plod on year after year, barely paying out of one season's crop the obligations contracted in the year before. The man who plants, cultivates and harvests cotton is entitled to a just share of the international prosperity piled up by trade in the crop which leaves him poor.

The farmers of the South should have the benefits which honest and persistent labor should bring. They could and should have homes comfortable with the many inventions that go with successful domestic living of this age. The farmer who helps to pro-

vide the clothing of the world should be able to provide fitting raiment for his wife, his children and himself. He is, if he would combine with his neighbor, and his neighbor's neighbor, the natural master of the perpetual stream of commerce that originates on his and adjacent cotton lands. The rightful sovereign of the greatest trade activity known to mankind, the cotton farmer of America, should cease for all time to live at the sufferance of Europe. He should sit down to a table laden with wholesome and ample food. He should be able to take his family to see the great cities, and the mothers in the South, who are vitally shaping its civilization, are entitled to the literature, the music and the other arts of contemporary life and the leisure to enjoy them, which comfortable incomes can provide.

As I was travelling through the South recently I saw out of the window of the train, which was not going very fast, a farmer's small house a short distance from the track. It was just the noon hour. The farmer stood at the plow with his little child, a boy who could just reach to the handles of the plow as his father pulled it down to him. Now that little boy was doing what he saw his father do during the day, and there he was anxious to see what this implement was. In showing him the plow, that father was instilling into the son what had been instilled into him by his father and what he had to do through life. To that child's mind there came, we can readily realize, no glimpse of the fact that the instrument he held was helping to make possible the civilization of modern times. And that child's inability to grasp the power of the cotton plow seemed to symbolize America's failure to realize that in our cotton's South nature has placed the elements of an industrial dominion destined to make us the masters of the world. We know from the experience of the past what that plow is fated to do for that boy. Unless the fathers of the South combine to assert their independence — combine along lines of intellectual constructive advancement—that plow will hold him to industrial servitude.

Under the present deplorable conditions of agriculture in the South that father is doing the only thing that circumstances make possible. And what is the mother doing for that boy, and what would she be able to do were she surrounded by better conditions which a higher and stable price of cotton would supply? For in all consideration of the affairs in the South today, we must realize that only a few cents a pound difference for the great raw material produced by the South would give to homes in which bare necessities are scarcely provided now, the books, the music and all the refining influences by means of which the mothers of the coming generation in the cotton empire would be enabled to shape it in keeping with the demands of the age.

In other words, the cotton growers and their wives could be citizens in all that this noble term implies, and be able to give to their children the education and all the benefits which should be the common heritage in this republic. As it is now, the planter, instead of being able to provide for his family and himself even the common advantages of American life, is fortunate if at the end of his years of struggle he is not bending under a burden of debt. The Southern planter is entitled for himself and his family to the same privileges that all the favorites at the Court of King Cotton enjoy.

As the United States Government has not been able hitherto to protect the cotton grower from conditions that rob him of the right to prosper on his farm, he must, as I have indicated, unite with his Southern neighbors. Alone, it is easy to understand that the planter in the future would be as

powerless as he has been in the past. United in his stronghold of ten or thirteen million bales of cotton he could dictate terms to the cotton buying world.

The cotton planter should and ultimately will, enjoy his rightful share of the international prosperity created by the commodity he grows. And that era, I am glad to be able to say, is at hand.

The middleman who has dealt in cotton bales has lived on the fat of the land. The spinner has woven a fortune from the raw material. The exporter has reaped a harvest from his cotton cargoes sent to all lands. Cotton is multiplying and will continue increasingly to multiply the wealth of the world.

Everyone who handles cotton grows rich on it, except the man that produces it.

This is an age of organization. If the planters of the South were united as a compact whole, their strength would be the strength of an army. Cotton is raised on 1,400,000 farms. The farmer does not need to advertise to sell his crop. The world wants it, must have it and eagerly sends fleets of ships to all our ports to carry it away. The largest import into Germany, among the most alert of modern nations, is American raw cotton. The manufacturing nations place no tariff on imports of the great staple produced in the South. We can sell all we raise, and the planter will be able to get for his commodity that price which the world will willingly pay when he has by intellectual methods proven to the purchasing nations that he has become capable of mastering all the details that will tend to put his commodity upon a modern plane.

The market for raw cotton is practically unlimited. The stupendous demand for it, particularly with the return of prosperity, should be plain to the planter and his friends.

The prices of nearly all commodities have increased steadily in recent years; but cotton, the one staple upon which civilization actually depends, has been kept down by manipulation that holds America in its grasp.

Single-handed, let me repeat, the cotton planter cannot contend with the powers that keep him in subjection by forcing the price of his commodity down. Many of the Southern farmers are realizing this. They are fast learning the lesson that all men must learn, viz., that progress and prosperity are not individual matters, but depend upon the movement of communities.

Let the Southern farmer once get the idea firmly fixed in his mind that he is supplying the most important factor in the world's civilization and trade, and he will see that he is at present almost wholly at the mercy of intermediaries in marketing his output and securing adequate and legitimate return for his labor. He must next realize with sufficient vividness to give motive power to his energy, that the liberating force must come from within himself. Organized endeavor and co-operation are imperative, in the last analysis, to the striking of the shackles from the farmer. It is possible to say now that both are forthcoming.

Jefferson Davis.

(*Born June 3, 1808.*)

I saw new heavens and a second earth:
The brazen skies and red, blood thirsty soil
Of that old, God-cursed age had passed away,
And with them that black salty sea of tears;
For now no man could weep, when each loved all.

I saw the men who lived before the change
And heard the angel speak their then and now;
This great man triumphed on the earth, and here
Still triumphed with a nobler victory;
But many great ones of the ancient earth
Were small and very humble in the new;
And many, nameless then, were named aloud;
And some who stood before, now sat at ease.

I marked a little silent group of men;
And when the angel saw my eager eye
Turn thither mutely asking, then he smiled
A sweet, sad smile, and dropped his voice, and said:
"Not heroes they who won the world's applause,
Nor narrow-listed saints who fought unnamed;
Yet both—yet neither—and withal a band
Who suffered strangely, and who need your love
As others, haply, need it not; for these,
In those grim days when all was foe and foe,
Led lesser bands, and so led not at all."

Roy Temple House.

A Survey of the World

By TOM DOLAN

In the Hands of the Army

Within the past month, some of the strangest and quickest shiftings of scenes that ever took place upon the world's stage have been witnessed in Turkey.

The "bloodless revolution" of last summer was fresh in the minds of those whose Shibboleth is ever "Patience! Peace! Education!" for it proved that, after long perseverance and steady conservatism, a despotic government could be stripped of its blood stained robes of cruel oppression and clothed with the fair garments of a Constitution that signified the consent of the governed. In all history, few victories had been so mighty in moral significance. There lacked not those who professed to believe that the way before the feet of the Young Turks was beset with pitfalls, but Parliament calmly assembled, Abdul Hamid graced it with his own benignly smiling, inscrutable presence, and all went well. Then suddenly, when the powers had breathed a sigh of relief that all the Eastern question save Persia had been settled again for the thousandth time, and quiet reigned, there flamed the first fires of mutiny in the ranks of the Moslem troops and instantaneously the Ottoman empire seethed with civil war.

What had happened? The statesmen of the new regime had permitted the hated Christian soldier in the army and had, it is claimed, interfered with the prayers of the faithful that Allah give personal and undivided attention to the preservation of Abdul. Back of it all was, of course, that wily gentleman and his sympathizers, trying to win back to their cause the troops which had wearied of former abuses, and joined the Young Turks. The fanaticism of the Mohammedan is proverbial, and loyalty to the Commander of the Faithful is an integral part of his creed. It is not strange, therefore, that the spirit of the army was one that might easily vacillate between the attraction of newer ideas (combined with better treatment and more material comfort) and the call of the ancient ideals. And wisely did Abdul Hamid figure that an army, divided against itself, would mean the overthrow of the Constitutionalist party and the ultimate triumph of the reactionaries.

In this he has been temporarily, if not permanently, checkmated. For the first day or so, it seemed that the Young Turks might retire for another twenty or thirty years' slow propoganda, but to the joy of their almost universal sympathizers, they developed unexpected firmness and strength.

But the revolution is no longer a "bloodless" one. It has proceeded along the inevitable route of fierce fighting and the welter of human slaughter. Constantinople, the stronghold of the Sultan and his supporters fell, after there had been much skirmishing in the streets, during which some thousands were slain. From Yildiz Kiosk, Abdul viewed the result of his machinations with piteous terror. Not for the evil he wrought, but for his own personal safety.

—*Globe Democrat*, St. Louis, Mo.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST

"Do not kill me!" he begged of his conquerors when they came to take him. And in his rage and fear and jealousy, he is said to have shot down a beautiful young girl who was his favorite in the harem, a circumstance which added to the desire of certain of the Constitutionalists to wreak summary justice upon him.

Thus far, however, he appears to have been dealt with as a political prisoner in no danger of anything save having to lead a retired existence. At his age, and from his former secluded habits, the transfer from one palace to another is hardly a matter of extreme cruelty. He, with what might be termed a "mere handful" of wives—a meagre 11—has been transported across the Bosphorus and a trial is said to be in store for him for attempt to overthrow the Constitutional government.

Many less exalted plotters have not fared so well. Some 250 to 300 have been court-martialed and shot without particular ceremony, and yet the Young Turks have been governed by unusual conservatism throughout the troublous times. One need but contrast the fate they are meting out to their fallen foes, with what would have been their fate if the position had been reversed, to appreciate the dignity and justice by which they have been guided.

It is but fair to observe that among the strong and capable leaders the Constitutionalist party has developed, there seems to be a profound and luminous intelligence controlling their destiny in the person of the Sheik-ul-Islam, an Arabian, head of the church of Islam. He it was who sided with the Young Turks last summer and it was by his edict that Abdul Hamid was later deposed, in favor of his younger, long suppressed and imprisoned brother, Mohemmed-Rechad Effendi. Thus the Church has sanctioned the liberal party and has decreed that the loyalty of the Turkish subjects be transferred to the new Sultan. This influence for progress, from the highest ecclesiastical source in the Ottoman Empire, bears tremendously in favor of the survival of the Constitution during this trying time of its blood-baptism, and it is providential indeed that so enlightened an authority as the Sheik-ul-Islam heads the Moslem faith at this critical period.

Yet the fate of the Turkish empire is undecided. Will the new Sultan be able to prove anything but a weak copy of his brother? He mounts the tottering throne after long seclusion, and presumably unfamiliar with, if not unequal to, the heavy burdens he must bear. And he has not the buoyancy nor self-confidence of youth, that might make him a true leader of his people instead of a figure-head monarch, swayed by helpless suspicion and fear.

And he and the nation are in the hands of the army, the decisive factor in affairs up to date and likely to remain so for a long time to come. A strange sort of revolution, surely.

* * *

It has been vehemently denied that the horrifying massacres of the Armenians throughout Adana and other provinces in Asiatic Turkey had any connection with the mutiny of the troops on the European side of the Sea of Marmora. Yet the outbreak of frenzy looks suspiciously like one of Abdul Hamid's favorite coups, done to discredit the Constitutional government and perhaps to induce the powers to uphold his throne through intervention on behalf of a more stable government. Be that as it may, however, the facts constitute another appalling record of atrocities perpetrated in the name of religion. It is reckoned that from 10,000 to 25,000 hapless victims have fallen before the fury of the fanatical Mohammedans during the bloody weeks of general excitement.

* * *

In all this time, the ships of the American navy were conspicuous by their absence, and England and France have been obliged to shoulder the responsibility of trying to protect foreign residents and check violence. The "glorious fleet" was all docked and it would take a week or ten days to be in order to sail. This should make the patriotic, not to say jingoistic citizen, most happy. The navy is the pet of the appropriations budget, and its non-accomplishment of any useful purpose approaches a fine art. In its voyage around the world, which only cost a few millions—a mere bagatelle—it skilfully avoided all danger, and by some miraculous intuition on the part of those in charge of this national incubus, it was put out of commission in the nick of time to be of any utility. Who would have the navy do petty police duty anywhere, protecting mere American citizens, when it could lie by and nurse the Yellow Peril?

Long life to the navy, and may it be tucked up asleep in bed when there's any real danger brewing, or any real aid it might render to justify its existence!

Persia in the Constitutional Arena

The week of May first also witnessed spasmodic struggles between the imperial troops of the Shah of Persia, and the determined Constitutionalists, with natural odds decidedly in favor of the latter, but so far as can be presaged no early hope of victory on account of the evil aid and influence of Russia in furtherance of the existing order of things.

It is said that the Shah has taken unwise counsel of the Czar, but this is rather doubtful, viewed from his own personal standpoint. To say that revolution has been brewing in Persia for years would be but repeating what everybody knows and the same is the chronic condition of Russia. Yet no odious system was ever more successful in suppression and in maintaining itself despite the efforts of patriots innumerable, and in defiance of the civilized world, than the Russian bureaucracy. Why, then, has not the Shah insured his own authority over discontented subjects by enlisting the assistance of such a past-master in the art of practical tyranny? So long as it pleases Russia to allow the Shah to retain his puppet power while it extends its sphere of influence and obtains coveted ports along the Mediterranean coasts of Asia Minor, the "deal" between the two dynasties is satisfactory. It seems but too plain that Russia has been furnishing the sinews of war, as well as skilled military men and bodies of Cossacks to strengthen the imperialists in resisting the progressive element. This has resulted in a reversion to conditions as they were before the first concessions were wrested from the Persian monarchy by the people, and the first semi-constitutional government was of force.

Throughout the past year, Great Britain has adhered to a passive policy toward the encroachments of Russian dominance in Persian affairs, and recently gave consent for the actual entry of Russian troops to raise the siege of Tabriz which had been beleaguered by the nationalist forces. This means an almost irreparable blow to the hope of reform in Persia.

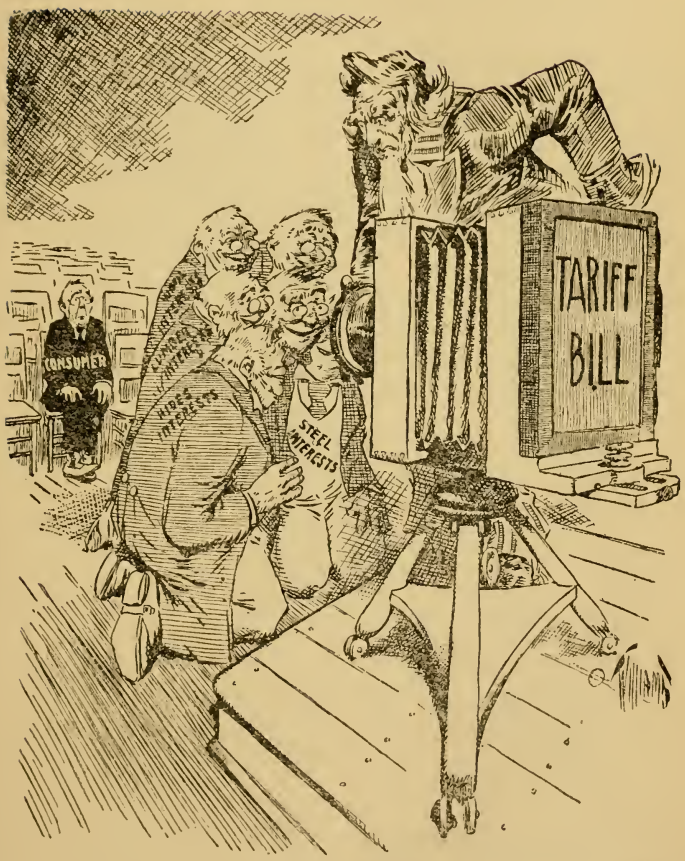
This would appear to show that the threatened revolt in India was sufficiently serious to force England to adopt a "hands off" policy while Russia exploits Persia, from the deadly fear that a Hindoo effort to throw off the yoke might expect help from the north. Failing wholly to stay the creep of the White Bear toward the open sea, England is apparently content, for the time being, to let it follow the line of least resistance to Albion ambitions.

Meanderings of the Tariff Schedules

It has come at last, though not at all expectedly, the candid admission of Mr. Aldrich, made perhaps in a moment that his suavity was somewhat ruffled, that the pledge of the Republican platform for early revision of the tariff didn't necessarily mean revision *downwards*.

The ultimate consumer may as well retire. What is he meddling with affairs of state for, anyway?

When the Payne schedules were handed on to the Senate, a good deal of progress had been made that would naturally lead up to the very confession of Senator Aldrich. The Democrats had been found in quantity sufficient to bolster up Cannonism, to favor protection where it favored the interests they served, regardless of the public weal, and any insolence from the Senate is legitimately based upon their control, with the entire approval of the country, apparently, of an "avowed protection policy" and a leaning, no longer secret, on the part of



—Boston Herald

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE"

Puzzle Picture—Find the Person Whose Portrait Won't Appear in the Photograph

their blatant forum foes, toward pie at any price.

As the duties are becoming clearer through being threshed out it is seen that there is to be no relief to the consumer. Much time has been taken in putting additional tariff on gloves and hosiery of the commoner grades, and taking it off again,—the women did *that*,—and in adding increases to wines and yachts. This latter is to make the poor mortal who can't afford beer even, and has never seen anything but a mud-scow, or canal boat, feel that luxuries are getting it in the neck. The inheritance tax feature, favored by President Taft, and enough of the House and Senate to insure passage, has been abandoned in favor of an income tax which is far less doubtful of passage, and still more dubious of being declared Constitutional if it does pass.

There is yet to be determined many of the main points in the new bill,—those relating to coal, steel rails, oil, hides, wood-pulp and print paper. As to lumber, it is practically certain to go through the Senate at $1.50 instead of $2, after every chance to have been put on the *free list*. In this matter, the following Democratic members most shamefully violated, not only the pledge of their own Denver platform, specifically declaring for free lumber, but of their sacred responsibility to the voters who raised them to the eminence they disgrace:

From Virginia—Messrs. Lamb, Lassiter, Maynard, Glass, Flood and Saunders.

From North Carolina—Messrs. Pou, Page, Small, Webb, Thomas and Godwin.

From Louisiana—Messrs. Ransdell, Brousard, Pujo, Watkins, Wickliffe, and Estopinal.

From Alabama—Messrs. Taylor, Clayton, Burnett and Dent.

From Georgia—Messrs. Griggs, Livingston, Edwards and Brantley.

From Florida—Mr. Clark.

From South Carolina—Messrs. Ellerbe and Lever.

From Tennessee—Mr. Gordon.

From Texas—Messrs. Gregg and Dies.

From Mississippi—Mr. Bowers.

Only one member from North Carolina—Mr. Kitchin—voted for free lumber. Only three of the Virginians voted that way—Messrs. Hay, Carlin and Jones. Messrs. Finley, Johnson and Aiken, of South Carolina also voted for free lumber.

When Bill Aldrich gets through, it will look like Bill Dingley grown corpulent.

To Get the Grain Gamblers

Representative Wilson, of Illinois, has just introduced a bill in his State Legislature, forbidding all trading in futures and making it a felony, punishable by imprisonment from one to fourteen years for any person to sell or agree to sell a commodity of which he is not in possession. That this is not only a wise law, but a particularly necessary one, considering the great wheat pit in Chicago and that that city is center of stock manipulations, will be agreed to by everyone except the gamblers, and those who may profit by juggling with the market.

It is not alone the actual speculator in futures who reaps dishonest gain from fictitious market values, but an army of legitimate dealers who realize goodly sums from the dissemination of the idea promulgated from the pit that there is an actual scarcity of this or that, and that a rise in the price is inevitable. Long after the Patten Corner has been virtually forgotten, the price of bread will be higher and those who bought flour before the rise will not lower their charge per barrel, so long as customers helplessly feel that the extra charge is unavoidable.

So much opposition will develop to the passage of the Illinois bill, though here's trusting it may be successful. Particularly does the penal clause ap-

—*Baltimore Sun*

NOT PROTECTION—REVENUE ONLY!

"I stand for a tariff for revenue only! 'Where shall we get it?' Why, raise the tariff on sugar—protect Louisiana, protect Alabama iron and steel, Virginia goobers, Kentucky tobacco, Florida pineapples, Georgia cotton, North Carolina lumber, West Virginia coal and Texas oil!"

peal, for a man who brings upon a defenseless people the horror of general hunger, should have instant refuge made for him in a kindly jail lest an outraged public make him taste retributive justice. Mr. Jas. W. Patten has drifted from the observant eye of people and press. He may have displayed some mental acumen in thinking that May wheat would be short, and buying accordingly; but he no less showed the "white feather" when he had his carcass guarded and finally disappeared until the exasperation had time to cool.

People may be pinched in nearly every way with more long-suffering than on the bread question. It remains the "staff of life" to the masses and a cent or so per loaf is of vital

importance. It may mean the difference between life and death, little as the stock gamblers may know or care. Whoso increases the cost of the tiny loaf, literally wrests it from the hands of famished women and children no less than if an act of physical force were employed. There can be no words strong enough to condemn such curs as Patten,—sleek and soft-fingered and genteel though they be—and no law can be too drastic in dealing with them.

The Peace Conference

There has just gathered in Chicago another one of the Peace Congresses, the first of which was held in Paris in 1899 and which have since been repeated at irregular intervals since that time. The futile earnestness of these Congresses is pathetic measured by visible result upon the pacification of the world, and yet no good work should ever be lost. There is another and a better sign of the need to quit the folly of martial preparations, in the fact that the nations most engaged therein at present are feeling the impossibility of going on with the constantly increasing burden. Some relief must be had, somehow, and in this factor lies the probability that the next Congress, expected to be called for 1915 at the Hague will give birth to a practical plan of relief for all nations.

The war-like spirit is not so rampant in the civilized world, and the manner in which the European nations are side-stepping the possibility of becoming embroiled is almost ludicrous, considering how they strut with clank of sword and every outward insignia of blood-thirstiness. But industry grows apace, the need to make business secure from constant threat of the chaos of conflict, and the growing deficits in the treasuries here and there must make for peace between such nations as are enlightened enough to submit to arbitration.

Great Britain has just presented such a tax budget as makes the wealthy wince, since it proposes an increased tax on incomes, inheritance, land values and liquor licenses, with stamp taxes upon transfers of real estate and a special tax upon motors, or automobiles, to be used in keeping up the public roads.

France has just passed a tax upon *all* incomes amounting to as much as 1,500 francs, or $289.50, for persons residing in communes of 10,000 and under, and being graded according to a very clear and quite equitable system. This avoids the appearance of class legislation, although failing in that discrimination in favor of putting the burden upon the well-to-do exclusively, which is the essence of justice.

Germany has during the winter past exhausted what would seem to be every conceivable form of increasing the national revenue principally for the benefit of the army and navy, and it was a most striking instance of the impatience of the common people at tax oppression and baseless hostility, that the labor parties of Germany and England exchanged cordial assurances of good will during the time of greatest tension between the two countries, and their insane rivalry over Dreadnaughts.

So peace may come one good day, but it will hardly be brought to pass by well-meaning sentiment on the part of the few. It will be the demand of common sense that the cheap jingo be relegated to the rear while real men take charge of affairs. The manly man is not afraid his country will be unable to rise to any occasion. It is only the brawler or the coward or the grafter—or some combination of these types—who is eternally discerning peril from without and demanding more ships and guns. It is dawning upon the world that war itself is far less to be feared than the curse of strained preparation therefor.

Look Who's Here

Met Miss Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, the little Deutsches Madchen yet? No? She blew in from Pixieland on April 30th., and found awaiting her a wonderfully elated throng of subjects to hail her the Princess of Orange. Little Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has at last an heir for her people, and a daughter for herself. This is of much importance to The Netherlands, and a piece of pleasing human interest news to the rest of the world.

Reelfoot Lake Free

Tennessee has at last taken the wise course of purchasing this wonderful lake and restoring it to public use. That it ever should have gone to private speculators was a mistake fraught with evil consequences for a decade or two.

Quieting Goebelism

Political influence was never more strongly vindicated than when Gov. Willson, of Kentucky, pardoned ex-Governor Taylor and ex-Secretary of State Finley, voluntary exiles from their State since being indicted as guilty of conspiracy in the assassination of Goebel, who some nine years ago had been elected to the Governorship, following one of the most exciting campaigns ever witnessed.

A Payne Tariff Costume—Designed for those who wish to benefit by the reductions
—Wilder in the Chicago *Record-Herald*

Good luck attended these fugitives, for it always happened that when a Democratic governor would have brought them home for trial, a Republican governor in Indiana was on deck to refuse to permit the extradition and when a Democratic governor was elected in Indiana, Mr. Willson was in control across the line.

Regarding the innocence or guilt of the men, since they have never been tried, it would be unjustifiable to express an opinion. The hope will be that they are innocent and that with the killing of Senator Goebel they had nothing directly or indirectly to do.

But the very fact of no trial renders the action of Governor Willson beyond the pale of propriety, and stamps him as utterly regardless of the claims of abstract justice where partisan politics enter. No one knows what revelations might hereafter follow which would clear up the guilt, leaving Taylor and Finley vindicated as they can not be under a pardon which in no wise is an exoneration from suspicion, or holding them guilty and amenable to just punishment.

Wm. Youtzey still serves his sentence, but all the others have somehow escaped the toils. The Goebel murder remains in reality unavenged.

Although trial after trial of different accused has been held, Kentucky has seen justice thwarted and suffered the insolence of law-breaking in high places.

Governor Willson was very much anxious to crush the lawlessness of the "night riders" in the tobacco district, but has been tender to anarchy of a different and far more dangerous sort.

Tranquility in the Mines

It is a relief to learn that an agreement has been reached between the operators and the miners in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania where friction had begun to be marked, an expiration of the agree-

THEY ASKED FOR BREAD AND RECEIVED A STONE

ment reached three years ago between the same factions.

The new agreement is to stand for three years, and is a practical continuance of the old arbitration. In addition the following provisions in favor of the members have been included in the peace pact:

"New work to be paid for at the same rate as old work under the strike commission's award.

"The right of men to appeal to the conciliation board in case they are discharged with or without cause.

"Commanding the union to post notice and collect dues at collieries.

"Giving the men the right to take up grievances with mine officials before appealing to the conciliation board.

"Providing for the issuing of uniform pay statements to the men."

The "Commodities" Clause Sustained

The Supreme Court of the United States handed down a decision, the first week in May, which sustained the Constitutionality of what is familiarly known as the "Commodities" clause of the Hepburn Railroad Act, passed in June, 1906, and reversed the finding of Judge Gray, of the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. This clause, it will be remembered, made it unlawful for any railroad company to transport from one State to another, or to any foreign country, any article or commodity (except timber and its manufactured products) manufactured, mined, or produced by it under its authority, directly or indirectly, except such articles for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier. In short, the railroads were forbidden to own or operate coal mines.

Judge Gray decided this to be invalid from its "unreasonableness" and with his view of the matter it would be difficult not to concur.

Indeed, the decision of the Supreme Court in this instance appears to constitute but an empty victory for the framers of the Hepburn Act, as it is held entirely lawful for a railroad to hold stock in a coal mine, and this easy way out of the difficulty would seem to have been specifically provided by the Supreme Court in upholding the letter, and ignoring the spirit, of the clause. Certainly the ownership of stock would constitute an indirect interest in the operations of any plant upon which such stock were issued.

The question is therefore left in a most unsatisfactory state. The clause does appear to be an unreasonable and unjust provision, and, as such, the law would better have been repealed than allowed to stand with the sanction of the Supreme Court and unaffected public opinion in favor of its evasion.

There were doubtless reasons enough why the Act seemed a necessary piece of legislation to persons who suffered from railroad discrimination in hauling the output of the Pennsylvania mines, but the local irritation should have found some other vent.

Smuggling a Threatened Art

When ex-Secretary Loeb, "the pet cat of the Roosevelt Administration," fell into that delightfully fat and easy berth, the Collectorship of the port of New York, he began to enact the role of infant terrible almost as though he realized before he took the position something of the mess customs affairs were in at that point. The result within the few short weeks last past is that the Sugar Trust has been brought to book to the tune of about $2,000,000 restitution of money stolen from the government by skillful system of false weights, etc., and of nearly $150,000 in fines. And there may be some criminal prosecution, for the well-known principle of law that restoration of stolen goods does not absolve the thief from punishment ought surely to prevail when the crim-

—*Washington Herald*

inals are among the most rapacious of monopolists.

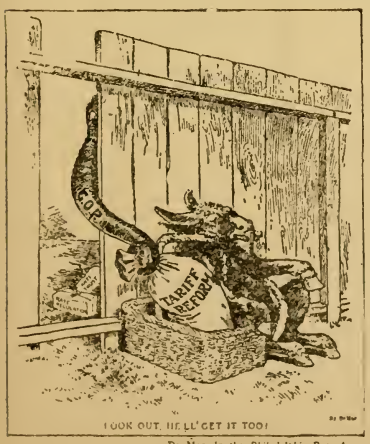
Mr. Loeb's indignation is almost a personal one. When a trust has been so lavishly befriended by a corrupt governmental ring as to have been able to levy toll from every helpless consumer in the United States, until its profits have aggregated not only millions, but billions, it does look as though it might have at least refrained from illegal robbery of its trusting old pals. Honor among thieves has been besmirched, and Mr. Loeb will do summary justice if he puts a few of these ingrates in jail.

Nor has Mr. Loeb's zeal stopped with these particular miscreants, but it is said that many a trunk full or Easter finery was seized, and on the day their contents should have bedecked hundreds of New York fair ones, the dullness of the custom house was transformed into a bower of peach-basket hats, gorgeous new frocks, and feminine fripperies galore. And political "pulls" have been frantically invoked by the friends of the smugglers and those who would have benefited in this case, and have for years past benefited, by the scheme, to prevent fashionable names being called in dingy court-rooms, and prominent men and women being annoyed by the attentions of rude sheriffs and like limbs of the law.

And yet, what a *mean* spirit have these fashionables displayed. It may be human to smuggle, as Dr. Parkhurst says, and in one view of customs duties it is not unnatural, even though unlawful, to slip finery though the lines sub rosa; but when one reflects that the poor can't buy a single coarse, cheap garment for their wear, or a shoddy blanket for their bed, without paying the excessive price due to tariff taxes, it does look as though the wealth that can flaunt its diamonds and silks might display a more decent regard for law, even if a broad patriotism were too much to expect from their ilk.

A Conference for Education in the South

Unhappily named, it is difficult to approach the subject of this article in that tolerant mood which is a primal necessity in any attempt to reason clearly to some fair conclusion. A conference for education should be non-contraband in any intellectual warfare; but the rather inept tacking on of the words "in the South" renders it at once liable to boarding and seizure by natural sectional pride and scarcely less natural sectional prejudice on the part of the people of the South. It is not that they fail to realize their need in certain directions, but it is that they feel that they have done and are doing not only the best they can, but the best that, under the circumstances, any other people could do. Statistics of literacy can and do cut like a lash. Yet the tired horse being whipped up hill suffers more keenly from the injustice of the quirt than would his stubborn fellow idling in the pasture from a sting deserved. There is, even in a desirable stimulus to education "in the South," something of the smart of imposition though the statistics may not be denied and although they are deeply and earnestly deplored. Even though, so far as the text books are concerned, the South groped helplessly in a dense thicket of ignorance, there still abide certain substantial moralities and graces of home life and ties of kindred that make her people reluctant to accept the guidance of sections less favored in these matters (applying the lash of divorce statistics to them) and creating in their attitude toward the General Education Board a certain veiled antagonism.



—De Mar, in the *Philadelphia Record*.

Such things are felt rather than uttered, for which reason the interpretation of the spirit of the conference is at once more difficult and vastly more to the purpose than would be any elaborate report of the actual proceedings.

* * *

It is customary, because almost invariably true, to say of any harmonized gathering that "enthusiasm radiated." It would not be inappropriate to describe the atmosphere in the present instance as demonstrating that chill which creeps by cold convection from center to circumference. This will be disputed, but mostly by those who, actually participating, aroused

their own circulations to some extent by personal energy and exercise. The mere audience remained dubiously cold.

This, of course, may have been so intended, and it is hardly worth while to consider whether appeal to the emotions may not have been wholly taboo. The fact remains, however, that a thoroughly advertized meeting presenting a program of no ordinary interest, did not draw the volatile and spontaneous population of Atlanta, a city which boasts no trivial number of responsive, big-hearted, big-brained men and women—a city which has never failed to give a quick God speed to any humanitarian enterprise.

Wherein lay the fault? Was it in a failure on all sides to be quite frank?

Baltimore Sun

THAT PESKY WIRELESS

Is there no rest for the weary,
Though the Hamburg's leagues away—
No sweet relief from the noise and strife
For the longed for year and a day?
We looked for peace and full surcease
From strenuositee,
But the wireless hums, and still it comes
O harken to our C. Q. D.!

There was a decided "feel" in the very air, as though the speakers feared they might rattle some skeleton. If only all closet doors had been flung wide open and whatever dry bones lurked within the recesses had been drawn forth boldly to clatter their message, or their warning, to those who obviously waited—waited—subtly resentful, vaguely distrustful, icily curious. And perhaps entire candor would have disclosed that not even the whitish powder of calcareous dust was hid in any nook or crevice!

But, no. Everyone was gingerly to insincerity, prudent to cowardice. Mr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Conference, was even apologetic in his efforts to show that he, as about the only Northern man on the Board among many Southerners, was as a sheep led dumb to the slaughter. This was unnecessary. The honesty of Mr. Ogden, his fidelity to what he believes is a movement for a great uplift, need not be in question. He is of the kind who teach from sheer love thereof, whose pedantry is so thoroughly ingrained that not even a surgical operation could extirpate it. To impart a portion of its own infallible wisdom to floundering humanity is a cardinal tenet of the Puritan creed. Accoutred with McGuffey's First Reader and the traditional blue-back speller, New England hath for decades waged a Jehad against every dog-of-an-illiterate who grovelled anywhere, even in the remotest corners of the earth. Its zeal is imperishable, its purpose unswerving, its sublime narrowness perfectly impenetrable by liberality and its self-approval passionate. And, New England produces splendid folk, wonderful of will power and marvelous of achievement. It is with no thought of ill-natured gibe that Mr. Ogden falls naturally into this class, but with full appreciation and trembling reverence for these unquenchable pedagogues.

As to personal magnetism, Mr. Ogden might be termed the Human Insulator, but he is laboring hard in a cause he deems worthy. If it be really so, the queer aloofness on the part of those who should be vitally interested must give him pain. Yet the conference seemed to have little warmth, or vibrancy, or cohesion.

Of course there crawled like a sombre, subterranean current through the consciousness of the crowd, the thought of the Race Question. How it must crop its ugly head in EVERYTHING done for, by or with the South! But right here it is only fair to say that the South is not as open as it should be on this matter. When there come among us those bubbling with enthusiasm as to what can be done for the negro considering his "vast progress in the past 30 years," we know and they should be plainly told that neither intellectual nor industrial training is going to eliminate the basic trouble. That the North has considerably modified its views on the question of social equality is not due to those Southerners who preface everything they say on the subject by the: "I have the kindest feelings in the world for the negro," etc., but because of those who used words that cut right down upon the heart of the trouble and seared it with a sword of flame.

It is not charity, but torpor, which clings to a friendship between the races based upon a relationship forever past,—that of master and slave. It is not mental breadth, but mental pulpiness which owns to a mawkish sentiment born of ancient, obsolete conditions.

Most of the North is meandering upon the theory that the negro is an afflicted white brother whose skin has ebonized. And the South knows that this is not the real condition. It naturally objects to being pestered with this theory, while it is trying to meet the condition. So far, so good.

On the other hand, most of the

From "Puck." Copyrighted, 1909. By permission. Keppler, in *Puck*

IF THEY TAKE AWAY MY CAKE, I'LL TAKE AWAY YOUR BREAD."

South is philandering with the idea that the negro is a docile, desirable peasant whom it is rather pleasant to patronize. They are reluctant to let go the theory that there are still "Uncles" and "Aunts" and "black mammies" of other days. They hate to face the real truth.

This lack of self-understanding, this unwillingness to say the brutally, vitally necessary things and take the brutally, vitally, necessary steps toward deportation or other means of actually solving the problem, rises like a wall in such a conference as was recently had.

Unfortunately, in this instance, the gentleman who undertook to launch forth upon the subject, displayed a childish superficiality. When Gov. Hoke Smith, in his very lengthy address of welcome (?) made the remark that:

"Experience shows that negroes improve most rapidly where there are fewest negroes in proportion to the number of whites. The best friend of the negro should seek his distribution to all sections. This can be accomplished by more white settlers coming South and more negroes going North, East and West, he must have

known he was offering, unrequested, a perfectly futile suggestion, if not a positively ridiculous one. Other sections would simply *not be* menaced, deprived, restricted and cursed by such a distribution; and the negro would not go, even if he were made welcome elsewhere, unless physical force were employed. If distribution be possible, deportation is likewise, and the spread of a disease among all sections is a strange way to cure the malady.

Leaving this disagreeable topic, the question of what sort of education this conference favors is important.

With the apotheosis of the practical, deification of the business man, in the educational realm, there seemed to be a great deal of sympathy, much hope that every square peg would have found for it the square hole, or, as Dr. Mitchell expressed it, each child have "that kind of education which would best fit him for the life he would probably lead." Carrying out this suggestion to its logical conclusion, and judging by the systems now employed in the Old World, would not the result of this be to create a professional aristocracy for the favored class, industrial skill for the multitude? The rich man's son could afford to be trained for a career that would require years and years of preparation; the poor man's son would hew wood, scientifically, and draw water through the latest approved hydraulic apparatus.

Not long ago a similar movement to "raise the standard of medical education" sought to abolish all the smaller colleges throughout the States and in their stead establish several immense universities demanding a collegiate education before admitting the student. Such a system means that the candidate must be supported far into maturity, and often through the sacrifice of less favored brothers and sisters. I believe the standard of all education should be high, but not absurdly so; and since the majority of our American physicians and surgeons of skill and ability took but a two years' course in medicine, and no especial literary education was demanded of them upon entering, the contention for moderate and reasonable requirements seems well sustained. Of course we should have universities of the best; and abundant opportunity for post graduate courses in everything, but to freeze out the small institution, where the pupil receives the direct inspiration from intimate association with his teachers that he can get nowhere else is against essential democracy. The "business man" superseding impractical "Prexy" may provide better libraries and laboratories and general equipment for schools over which he presides, but the deep impress that is made upon the heart of the young man by a pure-souled, truth-loving teacher is one of those things that, while as imponderable as a mother's love, could almost as ill be spared from the world already far too "practical."

With the narrow carp of the theologue against the "irreligious" tendency of present-day education as exemplified in this meeting most people have little patience. With him, sectarianism is synonymous with religion. The Conference did well to leave out all features that might have led to denominational bickering. The time has passed when the button must be pressed by priest or preacher before any public enterprise may proceed, and the fact that good men have come out of sectarian schools does not imply that the strictly secular institution is inferior. Theology and spirituality are anything but identical terms.

There rises, however, the apprehension that the millions of Carnegie and Rockefeller, applied to education from no matter how pure a motive, should be accepted warily, if at all. Better not

at all. Our schools are too intimately interblended with our fundamental liberties to be jeopardized in the slightest degree. If the obscure, uninfluential citizens are able to devote given sums to education through the aggregation of small gifts, this should be done upon their own responsibility, and not to meet the condition imposed by some capitalist—some one who has accumulated his fortune by methods absolutely against public policy, if not in contravention of statutory law—who is able to donate some stupendous sum. The fives, tens and twenty-fives of the unimportant common herd carry no weight, no voice, as against the authoritative thousands of the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil. The school is the golden link that binds indissolubly the home and the State together in the sacred purpose to make good men and women who will from generation to generation press forward, under the light of pure ideals, to a more perfect day.

Will subsidized institutions, stained with the wealth of shameful millions, give us finer-fibred men, nobler women, an uncorrupted and incorruptible government?

If not, then let every little red school house pull in the latch string to the representatives of dirty money.

And particularly let not the South—victims already of surpassing misfortunes—allow aught of its proud Americanism to sink beneath the slimy waves of a subsidized educational system.

The Steel Trust Struggles Along

The Steel Trust reassured a solicitous public with the cheering intelligence that it was doing mighty well. Its quarterly report is as follows:

New York, April 27.—Regular quarterly dividends of 1 3-4 per cent on the preferred and one-half of 1 per cent on the common stock were declared today by the directors of the United States Steel Corporation. These declarations are unchanged from the previous quarter.

The net earnings of the corporation for the quarter were $19,185,069, as compared with $16,166.260 for the corresponding quarter of 1908, an increase of $3,018,809.

The surplus for the quarter was $3,026,674, as compared with $7,865 for the corresponding quarter of last year, an increase of $3,018,809.

The unfilled orders on March 31 were 3,542,505 tons, a decrease of 222,740 tons for the same quarter last year.

The company's official report states that the total earnings for the quarter after deducting operating expenses, including those for ordinary repairs and maintenance of plants and the interest on bonds and fixed charges of subsidiary companies were $22,921,268, an increase of $4,692,263, as compared with the same period of last year. After deducting $3,736,199 for sinking funds on bonds of subsidiary companies and depreciation and reserve funds, an increase of $1,673,454, there remained net earnings of $19,185,069.

The statements of earnings by months show that business was better in March than in February and better in February than in January. The earnings by months were: January, $7,262,605; February, $7,669,336, and March, $7,989,327.

That ought to show that the virtuous are simply *bound* to prosper, and it should go even further and prove that the prosperous are necessarily virtuous. This ought to be impressed upon Mr. Gary, whose recent utterances awkwardly depart from that tone of suave benevolence the nobility of America is wont to employ whenever the public is informed of the unselfish motives actuating its over-lords in their various transactions.

Mr. Gary says that Theodore Roosevelt, in reporting the interview between himself and Messrs. Gary and Frick, was not entirely accurate. That they didn't want to take over the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Com-

pany to avert a panic, but because they knew the property would be a fine thing for *themselves*. It was a profitable investment then, and one fraught with wonderful possibilities for future enrichment. But it is dreadful for Mr. Gary thus to dissipate the whole idea of underlying philanthropy on the part of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Roosevelt's gullible admirers wanted so much to believe that if their tin-god acted illegally, he at least did so from kindly motives, as a lover of "the common people." And now to think that, with a few brusque words, Mr. Gary so ungraciously throws the founder of the Ananias Club squarely in the midst thereof! Mr. Gary may be indispensable to the Steel Trust, through the exercise of his unusual talents in manifold almost indefinable ways, but he is obviously no diplomat in his relations with Presidents. He should put these little private understandings on the lofty plane of agreeing upon plans for the "human uplift," the reward of the "desirable citizen" or something like that. The daintiest soul may be forgiven a mud bath, if taken to cure rheumatism, but to wallow in the political mire without a soothing allegation of this sort is prima facie evidence that several nice gentlemen are in bad.

Incidentally, the published report of increased earnings and the lately declared advance in the price of steel rails should throw some light upon the threatened reduction in wages of the men in the steel industry. It is about time that the working man got over his terror that a lowered tariff would shrink the pay-envelope.

Notwithstanding its almost unprecedented prosperity, as shown by the published report, and notwithstanding it has been able to earn these dividends while engaged in a rate war with the independent steel companies, cutting prices per ton far below the slight reduction proposed by Congress in the tariff on steel rails, etc., the first breath of revision was sufficient to cause the Steel Trust to raise the old cry of closed plants, reduced wages, unsettled business and general distress. Surely modern monopoly, and not Beelzebub, is the father of lies. And the wonder is how long the laboring man will refuse to see that unchecked immigration and high protective tariff has placed him at the mercy of the most conscienceless, insolent coercion, perhaps in all history.

Mr. Chas. M. Schwab can mendaciously aver that there "just simply isn't any business" doing in his line, and that the prospects for his workers are gloomy indeed. But there is always plenty of money for his fabulous salary and for fat dividends all around.

The Activities of Pius

The Vatican has been quite busy of late regulating the universe in the temporary absence of Mr. Roosevelt. On April 18th the Pope presided at the ceremony of canonizing Joan of Arc, thus enabling the Father to pray to her as a saint. It did not take the rest of the world the prescribed 300 years to find out that the Maid of Orleans had been as much saint as martyr, and from the sworn testimony that has come down regarding her remarkable life and pitiful death, there appears little for which the church of Rome should not blush in shame. Her beatification, therefore, is a crowning piece of insolent bigotry. It would have more become the Church to have donned sack-cloth and ashes, than robes of Pontificial state; but no hint of regret that the infallible church had ever been fallible appeared in the ceremonies.

Almost simultaneously with this the good Pope and his satellite, Cardinal Gibbons of America, have thundered forth their bulls against any emancipation of women. To enslave all the

Baltimore Sun

THAT TARIFF REVISION FEATHER

CONGRESS: Oh you needn't squirm, I promised to give you what you so richly deserve, an' I'm a'goin' to do it !

people is the aim of the gentle mother church, but by all means to prevent any emancipation that has not already been effected. Cardinal Gibbons is very solicitous that the negroes have full political rights and privileges, but terribly afraid that the white women of America might have voice in their own government.

Joan of Arc was a terribly forward child. She horrified her good father and mother when she started out to save France. It was through a weak yielding that an indulgent uncle allowed himself to fall in with her plans. This example of utter lack of femininity was thus not rebuked as the good Pope and Cardinal would have had it, if *they* had been on deck in the stead of that fond uncle.

Bolstering up the errors of bigotry as they exist in any particular age and then, when the blood of martyrs has brought about reform, to calmly sail in and claim most of the credit therefor, is a holy province of the Roman priesthood.

THE TEST

I loved thee once too much to e'er deny thee
Aught thou wouldst ask. And it was joy indeed
To grant requests, and ever gratify thee,
Bestowing all thy loving heart might plead.
But now I love thee far too much, my darling,
To seek alone thy pleasure and desire;
'Tis thy *best good* for which my heart is longing,
'Tis thy *completeness* I would now require.
For tho' so pure and good, my love demandeth
A purer purity—a better good,
Than that which human reason understandeth,
Or human heart hath ever understood.

I'd even pain inflict to purify thee,
And make thee what my heart would have thee be;
My love has grown so great, it can *deny* thee,
Altho' thy pain is more than pain to me.
For O, the grief of grieving thee! Was ever
Test more supreme, or love more sorely tried?
To kindle into flame the fires, that never
Shall lessen, till thy soul is purified?
I love thee. So I work with the refiner.
And O, like Him, I shall not be satisfied
Till the refining fires make thee diviner,
And burn, until thy soul is *glorified!*

LUELLA KNOTT.

Tallahassee, Fla.

DISOWNED

"No mourners were there to weep, nor priest to repeat the last sad rites when the body of Otto Schueitzer, who committed suicide by shooting himself last Friday in St. Patrick's Church, was buried yesterday in the paupers' section of Laurel Grove Cemetery, at the expense of the city."—Savannah, Ga., Morning News, January 28, 1909.

The damned may howl, and the hell-dogs growl,
We're priests of a Christian Church;
Behold, we scratch in the Lord's pea-patch,
And roost on a surpliced perch;—
The icy stare of a dead man's glare
Means naught, when he takes his life,
It matters not if his lonely lot
Be rank with the stench of strife.

We sprinkled oil on the sacred soil
Defamed by his ebbing blood;
And pledged the pew to the Christ anew,
Which reeked with his mortal mud;
But as for him, in the shadows dim
That lighted the Savior's throne,
We breathed a curse on the wretch, and worse,
And spat on him there, alone.

'Tis true we pray every sin away,
At so many sous per prayer,
And save the dead at so much per head,
From Lucifer's atmosphere,—
But when a soul has lost self control,
And wearies the fight, and dies,
We spurn the earth, whence he came at birth,
And leave him to all that flies.

In some vile spot may his carcass rot,
His bones bleach white in the sun—
We would not touch of the flesh of such,
Nor chant at his grave when done;
For saints we are from His land afar,
Shellaced with a human hide,
And so we say in a Christ-like way:—
"To Hell with the suicide!"

RALPH M. THOMSON.

The Lady And The Title

By A. M. DAVIS

THE duchess lifted her lorgnette and regarded her tall daughter coldly.

"Well?"

It can hardly be said that her grace spoke the interrogatory; it was more as though a statue had dropped a chip of its own marble. In the silence of the great apartment it was more than startling, and fell on Hermoine's heart like red hot steel on an open wound. She quailed a little before her imperious mother for she had—ah, what a confession!—to make. But she was frank, honest, courageous, and not the one to beat about the bush.

"Mother," she said, "you know Eric Dunraven is dead." Her eyes filled in spite of her best efforts, and she could not quite control her lips.

If the duchess' attitude could have been any more unbending, it would have become so at the mention of that name. Her face did, indeed, take on an additional hardness, and her look changed to a glare as she still leveled her glass on Hermoine, and waited in silence.

The latter, in that few seconds, seemed to touch the whole gamut of human emotions. Grief, at the surrender of her soul's mate; consternation, at the dawning horror of her own position; repentance for her self will and rashness; and sympathy with her parent's shame and humiliation. She racked her brain for fitting words, and then,

"I was married to him," she said simply.

It was like a bomb. Her mother's lorgnette dropped into her lap; her spine relaxed, and she sank back in a heap in the corner of her chair. Her steady eyes, however, never left Hermoine's face. They faced each other thus for a few strained seconds, the dutchess' mind meanwhile reaching for the facts of the case. Presently she got herself somewhat in hand, and sitting up, ejaculated:

"You married to—Eric Dunraven?" She almost choked over the name.

Hermoine acquiesced. "For over a year," she said. "I have often wished to tell you and father but somehow—"

"Indeed," sneered the duchess, "I wonder how you came to think of it."

"Of course, I wanted you to know—" began Hermoine. The duchess interrupted her:

"Of course; knowing how it would shock and hurt us," she said. "Naturally you would."

"But I have been wretched, so very wretched, to hide it from you, mother."

"You have borne up under your misery remarkably well."

Hermoine flushed hotly; her mother could hurt! But she was in no posi-

tion to retort; the worst of her confession was yet to come. She only said gently:

"I did not tell it because I knew you were so bitterly set against it, and I thought—"

"If you had proper love for your parents, and respect for their wishes, you would not be continually hunting ways and means to strike them on the heart."

"But I loved him so," cried Hermoine passionately, "I love him yet, and, oh mother, I do miss him now. I am very unhappy." She made a movement to brush away the tears falling on her cheeks, and unconsciously drew nearer to the duchess. But the latter waved her back.

"Loved him," she said laying down her lorgnette as though this were, indeed, the end of all things. "Loved him," she repeated scornfully, "a fifth son!" To the duchess' mind, the two propositions were utterly irreconcilable.

Hermoine drew back. "Yes," she said indifferently, "I believe he was fifth."

Her mother still regarded her fixedly. "I have often wondered," she said slowly, at last, "if there remained anything for you to do that would irritate and distress us. I was confident," she added cuttingly, "that if there was, you would find it."

Hermoine made no answer; she was reduced to utter passivity. The horror of her additional confession completely paralyzed her tongue. For the first time in her life, her frank eyes shifted from her mother's face. The latter waited for some moments then said with even more asperity:

"If you are quite satisfied with this new sorrow you have brought me—and I think you have done very well for one morning—you may go. I have letters to write."

Hermoine turned to obey, then halted looking again at her mother who, by this time was apparently engrossed in her writing.

"Will you tell father?" she asked tremulously.

The duchess wrote on a few moments in silence, "No," she said. She continued writing steadily for some time after the door closed behind Hermoine, then laying aside her pen, and leaning wearily back in her chair, she covered her face with her hands, and tried to think it out.

What had she done, what sin had she committed that she should be punished like this? That their only child had been a daughter was bad enough without the additional cross of her being a man in all save form, and not only man-like but like a man of a strange and unknown world, with traits and tendencies utterly foreign, and hateful, to her sex and order. Studying openly, and openly discussing public problems that concerned only socialists, woman suffragists and other depraved persons.

Realizing how utterly such tendencies and characteristics unfitted Hermoine for her associations and surroundings, her grace had devoted her life to an earnest, if futile, endeavor to correct or obliterate these grievous faults. She had been watchful, discreet, tireless. How could this thing have happened? When was there an opportunity? Moore merrily puts it:

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a Dragon of Prudery kept within call,
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.

And, evidently, at some unguarded moment of exhaustion, her grace had "slept."

"But then," she thought wrathfully,

"what can be done with a child, abnormal, unsexed, a monstrosity?" Ah, the humiliation of such an offspring; a daughter, more interested in slum work than in the latest cotillion figure; more absorbed in the question of aerial navigation, the possibilities of radium, and the achievements of the X-ray than in the intricacies of tatting and drawn work; devoted to studying the future of electricity, and caring not at all for the construction of battenburg doilies. The duchess groaned inwardly, and voiced all her misery in one awful, tragic sentence: "A British matron, a duchess, to mother a man-woman of socialistic tendencies." Could there be anything added to this?

Rousing at last from her bitter reflections, the firm lips were set, the steady glance unwavering. "Well," she communed with herself, "A child that is not amenable to parental control should be placed under legal restraint. That could be managed—it shall be managed before she does something yet more horrible. And as for Eric Dunraven, since he has been considerate enough to die, there is no need for that to be made public at all—unless—ah." The thought came as a stab. Her mind rapidly reviewed Hermoine's every word, her actions, and apparent lingering, and the proud eyes were dimmed. She put her hands to her hot face, and murmured brokenly:

"Why—oh why was such a child ever inflicted upon me, why, why?"

And Hermoine, wearily pacing her room, as was her wont when disturbed, strove, but vainly, to find a way out of the wretched tangle; blindly groped for light and courage, and, too late, repented her rashness and self-will. Bitterly, bitterly, did she wish she had never been born.

"What is the matter with me?" she cried helplessly, "Why am I impelled to do these things? I would not hurt my parents so; I would rather please and satisfy them. I am not happy to be different from my kind; why was I created so? I see so plainly the wrongs of the system under which we live; I feel the sorrows of others so keenly that I cannot ignore them, while, if I heed, and try to relieve, them it only raises an impassable barrier between my own and me. To have married Eric Dunraven was daring enough but to have done it in such a heedless and romantic manner—oh, it puts me, as it were, with the very class of women I have been trying to uplift. Oh, poor father, poor mother, how can I ever tell them that?"

She caught her breath, and threw herself, face downward, on the couch, sobbing wildly:

"Why, oh why was such a nature ever inflicted on me, why, why?"

As they rose from an unhappy dinner which none of them had more than tasted, the duke said, placidly:

"Come into the study; I want you."

As the door closed behind the three, he turned sharply upon Hermoine.

"What new folly have you been guilty of now?" he demanded.

"I was married to Eric Dunraven," Hermoine answered as simply as she had told her mother.

"Indeed," with biting sarcasm, "a fifth son. For a woman who will succeed to a dukedom, old, rich, and one of the very few titles in the kingdom that descend through the female line, you are certainly a success at cheapening yourself."

An original thinker, aggressive, farseeing, courageous, Hermoine's parents, although she was but twenty years old, had long ago ceased to treat her as a child. Indeed, in perspicacity and breadth of thought, she far surpassed her father, and not infrequently astonished him by her grasp and exposition of certain subjects, and the subtlety of her reasoning. They

opposed her, therefore, as an equal in years and experience; extending to her no indulgence as their child and being bitterly antagonistic to her views. The present encounter was tragically short and fruitful.

After the duke's cutting remark, they stood silently regarding each other; the father awaiting an answer; Hermoine groping for the fewest words to lay bare the whole frightful story, and the duchess' gaze painfully intent on Hermoine's face. At last she said suavely:

"It has occurred to me that, since—he is dead, there is no necessity for any publicity in the matter at all; just let it pass and be forgotten," and her eyes never left her daughter's face.

Hermoine turned directly to her mother as she spoke. Her own eyes were equally steady. She was grateful for the opportunity these words gave her.

"There is urgent reason that it be made public," she said directly and simply.

The duchess' face changed; she put up her hand and caught her throat. Her eyes met her husband's with an expression of foreboding and despair. An awful look came into the duke's face; he took a step toward Hermoine, and grasped her wrist, jerking her around to face him.

"Do you mean to say that there is—there will be—a child?" he demanded fiercely, his wrathful eyes searching hers.

Hermoine caught her breath before that terrible glance. "Yes," she said faintly, "there will be a child."

The grip upon her wrist tightened cruelly in a sudden spasm, then her father threw her arm from him with a violence that made her stagger.

"And this—this is you," he fairly hissed in suppressed rage, "daughter of a score of dukes; sole representative of a house older than your sovereign's; sole child of your parents' heart; you contemn your advantages; degrade your station, and ruthlessly snap every natural tie for the sake of rif-raf followers who, when they are not indifferent, are rabidly antagonistic to you and your order. You certainly have not sense enough to be at large. You should be put under restraint. You need a keeper." He raged. "And this is my child. This, to carry on my name; to uphold the honor and dignity of my house." He choked with a bitter cry:

"Why, oh God, why should I be made to father a thing like this, why, why?"

Ah, little puppets, ignorant, unwilling instruments in the hand of Omnipotence, who are you? What would you?

The duchess was crying, harshly: "A disappointment at birth, you have not failed to live up, or rather down, to that disappointment."

And Hermoine, knowing the truth of this, and the bitter humiliation of her further confession, broke into the piteous cry of the Hunchback:

"Father, 'mother, I was born so.' Believe me, I do not wish to be an alien to my kind. I would rather please than tease you, I would, indeed. Why I see differently, why I do differently from my kind, I do not know. It is not my wish to be like this. Oh, I am so wretched. Why was I born; why ever was life given me? How I ever could do such a serious thing in such a careless and romantic way I can not explain to myself. I know I am culpable. I can find no excuse for myself. I wish that all the suffering and humiliation could be mine. Ah, the misery, the bitter misery, of it all."

Her father had scarcely heard this apparently but now his eyes blazed into hers with a sudden hideous look. He gripped her shoulder like a vise.

"Tell me," he demanded with a horrible calmness, "where was this

thing done? I will never believe that even you could be guilty of such insanity until I see the records; have the proofs. Where are they?"

So, the moment was come.

A mist rose before Hermoine's eyes; she struggled weakly for words but none came. Her hesitation and evident confusion struck a new fear to the duke's heart.

"Speak," he commanded, his grasp tightening brutally on her shoulder, "the records, the proofs, where are they?"

Still Hermoine could only look helplessly into his compelling eyes, and vainly strive and strive for words. The paralyzing effect of his own words almost maddened her father, and he shook her savagely, repeating, yet more fiercely, his demand.

"All—is right," Hermoine at last gasped almost inaudibly, "but there are—no records—no proofs."

They were not words; they were bombs.

The hand clutching her shoulder dropped off; the face glaring down on her faded away; the room spun round and round but there was no sound. The horror of her position seemed to rise and sweep over her like a consuming flame. She stood, the mist before her eyes blood red; her breath coming in short gasps; her gaze turned inward—waiting.

Silence.

Through some inner sense, she was conscious that her father was fallen into his chair, his face buried in his arms lying across the table. Her mother stood erect, and Hermoine felt those proud eyes sear her burning face.

Still silence, intolerable silence.

It seemed to Hermoine that she stood there ages, knowing by some perceptive sense, not sight, of her father's bowed head, her mother's accusing eyes. She expected denunciation, charges, harsh words—she knew she deserved them. But none came. There was only that horrid silence—sentient, palpitating silence.

Minor sounds seemed to thunder in her ear; to strike a fateful dirge on her heart strings. The clock ticking; the coals snapping on the hearth; the bird singing merrily in his cage; these never left her while life remained to her. Her senses reeled in the torturing suspense, and all things faded out. When she awoke again to her surroundings, her father was towering over her, his eyes glaring, his face distorted.

"Go," he said in a terrible voice, "go, you—," and he used a cruel word. "You, mocked by the creature to whom you stooped. Why, almost anything will protect his female—if he loves her," he added brutally. "Go, may my eyes never rest on you again! Indeed, I will see that they do not; for you shall be deprived of the freedom you have abused, and put where you can do no worse—if it be that there is worse. Oh, curse you; may your father's—your parents' curse follow you, enshroud you, and drag you down even as you have been a curse to them, a shame and bitter degradation on their lives. Go, go!"

Hermoine seemed not to hear. She could only stand, looking helplessly from one of them to the other, horror growing in her eyes, a palsy upon her heart, as the hideous import of his words gradually unfolded to her understanding. Her eyes sought her mother's face in an agonized appeal; repulsed here, she turned again to her father but his glowing visage, working frightfully in impotent rage, warned her, answered her, paralyzed her tongue.

How she reached the door, Hermoine never knew but, presently, she found the knob in her hand. Her eyes had never left their faces, and, while she yet hesitated with that lin-

gering, devouring look, they again repulsed her, crying:

"Go, go; curse you, curse you, curse you."

And with bowed head, dim eyes, and heart full to bursting, Hermoine's own hand closed the door between her parents and herself, and she went out of their sight, and out of their lives forever on this earth.

"Eleanor," and you would have known it was an American mother speaking, "it is preposterous, it is unheard of, it will not bear discussion." She spoke with considerable irritation.

"Mother," returned the girl, and you would have known, at once, it was an American daughter answering, "you are right. Besides discussion will not alter the facts; so suppose we give it up." She spoke with perfect amiability and respect.

After which they proceeded to discuss the matter under consideration—nothing less than Eleanor's marriage, if you please,—from every viewpoint.

"We do not know an earthly thing about him, really," expostulated the mother.

"Except that he has, for fourteen years, been secretary and treasurer, treasurer, mind you, of the Municipal Gas Company," retorted the daughter.

"For all we know, he may be an adventurer, a poor fortune hunter," said Mrs. Adams.

"Fortune hunter if you will," said Eleanor, "but a fortune hunter who is poor does not keep up a seventy-five thousand dollar home for only himself and son, usually. Perhaps he is hunting money to augment his fortune, though. Papa is, you know."

Mrs. Adams abandoned that point. "At least," she insisted, "we really do know next to nothing of his life."

"But, mother, consider his life since we have known him. Recollect how, after securing, gradually, the controling interest in the Consolidated Traction Company, the Mutual Gas Company, and a lot of subsidiary concerns, he awakened public sentiment to favor it, and assigned these varied interests to municipal ownership under terms that every business man pronounced almost quixotic. He has urged individual interest in public affairs until, among our citizens, this is general, it is become a part of their lives. He insisted that, under popular government, 'graft,' private aggrandizement at the cost of public welfare, and all other forms of public abuses, existed wholly through the apathy of good citizens, and their repudiation of public duties. You know how the experiment has made good his views; public abuses are unknown here, and our little inland city is held up everywhere as a model. Why, didn't Mr. Garner himself say that Jack's practices were the real religion, and had worked out a higher standard of public morals than all the sermons preached from all the pulpits in the city? Now you know this, mother, you do," and Eleanor stopped breathless from her lengthy defense of the absent Jack.

"True," admitted her mother, "his life here merits only highest praise. But before that; I don't like his reticence—"

"There is a chapter in it, he says, unhappy not shameful, which he does not feel equal to reviewing."

"His wife, she may not even be dead," interposed her mother, "How are we to know?"

"He has lived apart from her for seventeen years so time would have legally separated them if death had not already done so."

"Y-e-e-s," assented the mother, reluctantly, "but I do not like his persistent silence regarding his former life. Was there no more of it than that one unhappy chapter?"

"As for the rest," said Eleanor slowly, "it was the usual life of an Englishman of means and high culture—so he says."

"So he says?"

"Yes—mother," suddenly, "it seems to me—that is, I have sometimes thought that—that he might not be just what he seems."

"Ah," Mrs. Adams nodded affirmatively.

"Yes; he reminds me of a thoroughbred horse pulling an express wagon."

"A prince in disguise." Her mother broke into gay laughter. "Fie, Eleanor, whoever would have suspected you of wild romancing?"

"No, I never would have thought it of myself," replied Eleanor with judicial impartiality, "but you must see that it looks quite reasonable; his bearing is distinguishable; he has, at all times, the hall mark of breeding, and you can readily conceive that he has generations of illustrious progenitors behind him."

"That is all very true," returned her mother, "but, while it would be gratifying to have it transpire, I would much rather know it now than suppose it. But Eleanor," she added a little plaintively, "it does seem that you should have married a title or, at least, an American multi-millionaire. See what American girls are doing. and they have so much less, and are so much less, than you."

It was an ill considered remark ill becoming Mrs. Adams.

"American girls, indeed;" cried Eleanor in mighty scorn, "just look over the list, mother, and say which one is, in very truth, an American girl. Does the simple fact that America has been kind to their fathers, and they saw the light on American soil, alter the spirit, or obliterate the principles, that have been theirs for hundreds of generations? What do they know of the American spirit, or care for American principles?"

"Yes," said her mother somewhat prostrated by this outburst, "America is at best, no more to them than a good place to amass the fortune with which they may purchase the title they have been taught to venerate for centuries."

"Of course," returned Eleanor wrathfully, "and, calling themselves American heiresses, they go abroad and make the name of America a mock and laughing stock over Europe."

"Eleanor," expostulated Mrs. Adams, "raving will not cure—"

"No," broke in the daughter, "the worst of it is, too, that we ourselves are being innoculated with the spirit and aspirations of the nouveau riche. Like a contagion, it is in the very air—"

"Eleanor!" ejaculated the startled Mrs. Adams, again.

"And," not heeding the interruption, Eleanor went on passionately, "here is my mother, even you; you are opposed to Jack simply because he has no title although his life, public and private, in the fourteen years we have known him will nobly refute anything that might be charged against him. And why should we pine for a title? Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun; what could a title add to a lineage like that? And mother," kneeling by Mrs. Adams, with her arms about her waist, she pressed her glowing face against her mother's breast, "you know I have never been devoted like many girls, to husband hunting although it has been in my heart to marry whenever the right man came into my life. And, dearest, he is come. I want to marry Jack, and only him; and I want your consent. I promise you, mother, that if our union results unhappily, I have enough good American grit to keep a stiff upper lip, and laugh it off; I'll never annoy you with tears and complaints."

Her mother strained her to her heart, closer, closer; her sudden tears raining upon the upturned face. "Ah, daughter of mine, do you not see that it would not be your tears, but that

you had cause for tears, would tear my heart? And you couldn't hide that from your mother, child, you couldn't hide that from your mother."

As for the rest—well, it was an American daughter pleading with American parents for her heart's desire.

Returning from a shopping trip down town late that afternoon, Eleanor met Jack. He walked with her the short distance to her door.

"Father and mother rather object to you as a husband for me," she said tentatively.

Jack looked at her with a curious smile. "I don't like that," he said, adding airily: "How can they have such bad taste!"

"I cannot understand their attitude myself," returned the girl, sweeping him a glance from under long lashes.

Both laughed. Laughing is so easy to the young.

"What objection can they possibly find to me?" Jack asked presently with a quizzical look.

"I think mother was grieved because you have no title—or was; I believe I made that about right. I reminded her that we, who are Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun all in one, had our own patent of nobility."

"True," said Jack more gravely than he had yet spoken, "it is un-American, it becomes only the upstart to desire any other."

"Oh, mother recovered at once; it was only the shadow of a thought for a moment. It's just in the air, and it touched her; any one is liable to take it."

"I am much more concerned to know what you think about it." He spoke lightly but wistfully withal.

Eleanor walked a little more rapidly. "You should know all about that," she said, the lovely color deepening in her cheeks. "I positively do not care for—that at all. I want you to understand that, should I learn you had a title, it would not make me one whit happier." She had been looking straight ahead as they talked, now she turned glorious eyes to him, saying softly:

"It is not the title, Jack; it is just—you."

A strange look, that escaped Eleanor, went over the man's face but in his eyes was only tenderest appreciation. Under cover of giving her her package, he took her hands strongly, gratefully, saying with simple directness:

"When I come tonight, I'll try to set their minds at rest concerning my past," and, bowing, left her at her own door.

On reaching the house that evening, he asked at once for Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and, when he was relieved of hat and top coat, was shown directly into the library where both were reading. After the first salutations were over, there ensued a short silence. Jack went right to the object of his visit.

"I want to marry Eleanor," he began without any circumlution whatever.

His hearers were non-plussed for the moment, though they, of course, rightly understood his visit to themselves. They had not expected Jack to broach that subject without a certain graceful introduction leading up to it. But, while he was tactful and well bred to a degree, it must be confessed that beating about the bush was not one of Jack's accomplishments. Mr. and Mrs. Adams exchanged glances, and the former said slowly:

"We appreciate your preference for Eleanor, Mr. Dunraven, but—" he hesitated, and Jack supplied the words promptly.

"You have objections to me. Eleanor intimated as much. What are they?" he asked with proud directness.

"Not to you personally," interposed Mrs. Adams quickly, "not at all. We can not possibly find fault with you, still—" now she hesitated. Jack was regarding her quietly.

"We are well satisfied with you, my boy, what we know of you," said Mr. Adams heartily. "But we feel, when it comes to giving our daughter to any man, his life should be open to our inspection."

Jack's gaze had left Mrs. Adam's face for her husband's, and he now answered him directly.

"I had hoped," he said proudly, "that the years I have led in your sight would be a sufficient guaranty of my character."

"Undoubtedly; but previous to your coming here, what of that?" Then seeing Jack's eyes darken, Mr. Adams added gravely: "Forgive me, Mr. Dunraven, if I put our thought into words—"

"It is better that you should do so," interrupted Jack with quiet dignity, "and now is the proper time."

"We are," continued Mr. Adams, "of fine old American stock; we boast simplicity of character, justice, fraternity, patriotism, the American patent of nobility, as our family characteristics. The daughters of our house have never married carelessly, nor the sons either for that matter; they have always married good Americans of their own class. We believe absolutely in heredity as to the characteristics and abilities of individuals; that as the parent, so the progeny. We feel that, if we give our daughter to any man, we must be assured that he comes of as good stock as ourselves."

Into Jack's eyes came again that strange look, and he said, quietly, albeit a little scornfully:

"I am not an impecunious lordling, Mr. Adams, on a still hunt for American millions with a girl attached."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Adams gently, "but you will recognize, I think, how parents must feel about this."

"And speaking of dollars," said Mr. Adams, "I am, as American multimillionaires go, a poor man. Besides we American fathers do not believe in giving our daughters a 'dot.' We think when a man wins our daughter, he gets quite all he deserves."

"I am not asking for your money, Mr. Adams," returned Jack with fine pride, "My fortune is ample, you know, and if I win Eleanor, I am, indeed, getting all that is coming to me— or to any man," he added with grave sincerity. "I will myself settle a generous annuity on her, and that, I think, is no more than every man, according to his means, should do for the girl he marries."

For a little no one spoke, then,

"Still," insisted Mrs. Adams, "we are not curious but we feel that we must know enough to assure us that Eleanor is not contracting an alliance that will reflect against her name."

(To be Continued)

The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

BOOK II

CHAPTER V

We have now reached the end of Andrew Jackson's career as a soldier. He goes no more to the wars. A short interval of peace and quiet at home, and then he becomes a fierce combatant in the arena of National politics. Before following him into the memorable struggles, which had so powerful influence upon the destiny of our country, let us try to get a view of his home life, and of those leading men with whom the old soldier is about to be drawn into association or conflict.

The humble log cabin in which the General and Aunt Rachel had so long made their home has been abandoned for the new mansion. To European visitors, it appeared small and mean, but to Jackson's neighbors, it was magnificent.

The Hermitage—as Jackson's home was known—was not built upon the best site which the plantation afforded, for it was not placed upon the higher ground. Aunt Rachel chose the site, and, although there were those who pointed out to Jackson the defect in the location, he struck the ground with his cane and swore "by the Eternal" that the house should be built right there,—for "that is where Rachel wants it!" And there it was built. A two-story structure of brick. A hall with a piazza and large columns in front; dividing the space into halves, with two large rooms on each side of the hall, and a graceful sweep of stair-

way ascending to the upper floor. From the main body of the house, sprang off two wings, of one story each.

Visitors trooped to the Hermitage from all parts of the Union, and foreigners frequently made it a stopping place. When Lafayette, (1825) came to visit the country for which he had fought when a gallant youth, he did not consider his tour complete until he had paid his respects to the old soldier of Tennessee, who, in the hearts of his countrymen, had won a place second only to that of George Washington.

There being no children to bless the union of Jackson and Aunt Rachel, he had adopted one of his wife's nephews. Besides this adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., there lived with him his wife's nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, and also one of her nieces. Included in the domestic establishment was Henry Lee, of Virginia, the black sheep of one of the noblest families of this or any other country. His father was the Revolutionary hero, Light Horse Harry Lee, who came as near to being familiar with George Washington as it was possible for a mere mortal to become. The tradition is that it was Light Horse Harry who "cut out" the majestic George when he and Washington were rival suitors for the hand of the lowland beauty to whom young Washington addressed his well-meant but clumsy rhymes. It was Light Horse Harry, of all men, who would venture to joke Washington at his own table about the well-known "sharpness" of the father of his country as a horse trader, and do it so deftly that even "Lady" Washington would join heartily in the laugh at the expense of her august spouse. It does indeed appear to be singular that one of the sons of Light Horse Harry should be Robert E. Lee, the flower of Anglo-Saxon chivalry, while the other (by another wife, however), should have been such a reprobate that his own family cast him out; that the United States Senate would not hear of him as an appointee to office, and that he should have wandered from pillar to post, a social and political Pariah, until he should lose himself in a foreign land, and virtually write his own epitaph in the bitter words that "everything has turned to ashes on my lips." Andrew Jackson was one of those who for a time, made use of his splendid talents. Wonderfully gifted intellectually, Henry Lee wrote some of the finest campaign papers on Jackson's behalf that ever cut a figure in American politics. His fugitive prose-poem, written on the death of the Indian boy whom Jackson had taken under his protection after the father of the boy had been killed in the battle of Horse Shoe Bend, is one of the pearls of American literature.

General Jackson was an ideal host,—easy, graceful, sociable, often playful, but always maintaining a dignity which no familiarity invaded. He loved a joke, encouraged gaiety in the social circle, was a good listener as well as a good talker, and left nothing undone that would contribute to the comfort, the ease and the enjoyment of his guest.

A most beautiful trait in his character was his devotion to his wife and his perfect loyalty to her. No matter how many beautiful women might crowd around him in Nashville or New Orleans, whenever Aunt Rachel appeared, his manner seemed to say, "this is her Majesty, the Queen." It was a puzzle to many that Jackson could have such an eye for a fine figure of a woman—such an eye as Washington himself had—and be so appreciative and enjoy the company of elegant, refined, highly

gifted and highly cultured ladies, and yet never seem to have the slightest perception of the limitations of his wife. That she was one of the best and most lovable of women, all witnesses agree; nobody could be acquainted with her without becoming attached to her and feeling for her the profoundest respect; and yet, standing by the side of her tall, dignified and courtly husband, she seemed to be at the greatest disadvantage. She had never been accustomed to what is known as good society. She was a back-woods girl of good common sense, high animal spirits, a good dancer in the rough square dances of the back-woods, a wholesome, a physically attractive girl or young woman when she, a married woman, fell in love with Andrew Jackson, the unmarried young lawyer. In 1822, however, she was no longer handsome. She was very dark and coarse-looking. Her figure was full, and she dressed loosely and carelessly. Standing up, she had no particular shape, and when she sat down she seemed to settle into herself in a manner that was not graceful. At all public receptions where it was her part to appear along with the General, the anxiety of Jackson's lady friends was so great that they usually formed a cordon around Aunt Rachel, to guard her from making any social "break,"—exerting themselves to the utmost to keep her from saying or doing anything that would bring discredit upon the courtly Jackson. For instance, it was all right for her, in the privacy of the Hermitage, to take a few puffs at her reed-stem, corn-cob pipe, and then pass it on to one of the male guests and say, "Honey, won't you take a smoke?" but, of course, that wouldn't have fitted in well at New Orleans, or even in Nashville. When Aunt Rachel sat herself down and took her pen in hand to write a letter to one of her friends, she was apt to indite something like this:

"The play-actors sent me a letter, requesting my countenance to them. No. A ticket to balls and parties. No, not one. Two dinings; several times to drink tea. Indeed, Mr. Jackson encourages me in my course. He recommends it to me to be steadfast. Still, his appetite is delicate, and company and business are oppressive, but I look unto the Lord, from whence comes all my comforts. I have the precious promise and I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Daniel Webster made an impression upon his own times, that is, perhaps, not justified by the lasting importance of anything that he did. It is not at all clear that he had any fixed opinions. While a protectionist during the greater part of his career, his most powerful speeches were made for free trade at a time when there was no interested motive to influence his opinion. He is best known as an opponent to the theory that the Union of the States is a compact between sovereign States, and yet he afterwards reached and expressed a contrary conviction. That he was the greatest forensic orator, the greatest debater this country has produced is uniformly conceded. No matter who the other man was, if Webster was *in the wrong,* there was a debate; if Webster was *in the right,* his adversary was crushed. It is doubtful if the world ever produced Webster's equal as a logic-fencer, a gladiator in the forum and in the Senate. Imperial in his mental gifts, Mr. Webster was not great as a man. His morals were not pure; he had no high

standard of honor in money matters; he allowed himself to be subsidized by the rich capitalists of Boston when he was holding public office,—a public servant who should have kept himself absolutely free from even the suspicion of being improperly influenced by the receipt of a secret income from those who were financially interested in his speeches and his votes. Occupying the most exalted position as a parliamentary orator, he was not a leader. At no period of his long career did he ever have a personal following. Totally lacking in the power of organization, he never even carried through Congress a scheme of legislation. While Clay was a leader, an organizer and a constructive statesman, and while Calhoun was conspicuously capable in the same way, Webster was so utterly lacking in these qualities that Henry Clay treated Webster's influence as a negligible quantity. At some crisis in National politics when Clay and others were holding a conference, an inexperienced member kept saying, "Well, what will Mr. Webster think?" until finally Clay turned upon him fiercely, scornfully, and silenced him by saying, "Who cares a damn what Webster thinks?"

Nor was Mr. Webster a great statesman. Henry Clay was certainly not so learned as Mr. Webster, not in the same class as a lawyer or logician, but he was far and away a greater statesman.

Webster's manners when he unbent and tried to be agreeable were irresistible. He could fascinate the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned; but there were times when he aroused enmity by his harsh tones and his repellant looks. Congressmen from New England were apt to resent his ungracious reception of visiting constituents who, being in Washington, felt a natural desire to see the god-like Daniel in order that they might speak of it when they returned home. Oliver Dyer in his book "Great Senators," says:

"Webster evidently felt such introductions to be an intolerable bore, and seldom took the trouble to conceal his annoyance. Usually his manner on such occasions was freezingly indifferent. He seemed to be preoccupied and unable to bring his mind to the cognition of the rural Jorkins. Sometimes he did not even look at the person introduced, but mechanically extended his hand, and permitted the stranger to shake it, if he had the courage to do so. I have seen members of Congress turn crimson, with indignation at Webster's ungracious reception of their constituents. They felt that his manner was a personal insult to them, and their constituents shared their opinion and sympathized with their indignation. Doubtless many enemies were thus made by Webster, whose adverse influence was afterwards felt in the Whig National Conventions of which he so repeatedly and so vainly sought a nomination to the presidency."

Henry Clay's manner was altogether different. He was always genial, gracious and captivating. He was one of those men who adapted himself to his environments. At a country dance, he could mix and mingle with the young women and the young men as well as make himself perfectly at home to the elders. If he wanted to dance a particular jig or reel, and the fiddlers did not know the tune, the great Henry of the West could unbend, take the fiddlers aside, whistle the tune to them until they had caught it, then bring them back, have them play it and dance the reel with one of the girls. In the Supreme Court room he was as

much at ease as he was on the hustings, and when Chief Justice Marshall took out his snuff box to refresh himself with a pinch of snuff, it was Henry Clay who could saunter up to the bench and help himself out ot the Chief's Justice's mug, saying with a *sang froid* which was matchless, "I perceive that your Honor still uses the Scotch." No other member of the bar dreamed of taking such a liberty.

Never forgetting a face or a name, ready with anecdote and illustration, blessed with a flow of animal spirits that hardly ever left him an hour of depression, naturally gallant and chivalrous, as fearless a man as ever lived, his sensual nature subordinated by his mentality, Henry Clay wielded an influence that survived all of his many mistakes and lasted to the last day of his life.

He was the tallest of "the great trio," his height being six feet, one inch in his stocking feet. Although very slender, he was well made, his carriage not only graceful, but commanding. Length was the dominant note in his physique—length of limb, length of body, length of neck, and length of head from base to crown. His hair was rather thin and sandy in color; his eyes, gray, expressive and brilliant; his mouth, large, the lips being thin and straight, the chin strong.

Miss Martineau, in her "Retrospect of Western Travel," paints a pleasant picture of Mr. Clay as he appeared in private society:

"Mr. Clay, sitting upright on the sofa, with his snuff-box ever in hand, would discourse for many an hour, in his even, soft, deliberate tone, on any one of the great subjects of American policy which we might happen to start, always amazing us with the moderation of estimate and speech which so impetuous a nature has been able to attain."

In action, Henry Clay suggested the thoroughbred. He tingled with life, and in speaking everything about him contributed to the force, animation and eloquence of the speech. Capable of sustained labor, he was quick witted, able to rise to any occasion and the spur of the moment. It was his nature to attract or to repel. As to himself,—as it was with regard to Jackson—there were no *neutrals*. Men could not be indifferent to either of those strong characters; they were loved or they were hated; they were admired or they were scorned. Like Webster, Clay too often indulged in strong drink, but, on the whole, hismanner of life was simple and economical, and his personal honor was conceded by his bitterest enemies.

Not a hard student, Mr. Clay had a mind that was naturally receptive and penetrating, and he could make more out of what he did know than any man in public life. In speaking, he touched almost every key. While no match for Calhoun or Webster in reasoning power, he could still be logical and very convincing. He was so vehement, self-confident and intensely earnest, that the very magnetism which he threw into his presentation of his case carried a weight of its own. He was more often witty and humorous and sarcastic than the other members of the great trio. He left no recorded gems of eloquence that are equal to those of Webster, but there can be no doubt that among his contemporaries he was more generally popular as an orator.

All who have written of him go into raptures in describing the wonderful sweetness, richness and trumpet-like ring of his voice. Even his

lowest notes had a carrying power that reached the remotest man in his audience; and when he rose to his higher notes, they were clarion calls to battle. In the years that are to come, we shall hear the dying John Randolph bid his servants carry his invalid chair into the Senate chamber that he may hear once more "that wonderful voice" of Henry Clay.

While every student of American history has been made familiar with Webster and Clay, a vast amount of misconception yet prevails as to John C. Calhoun. A pall of gloom hangs about his name; it is associated with doctrines which have been put under the ban. His greatest work is associated in the minds of his countrymen with tragedy and collossal failure. Even the people of the South take his portrait as painted by the Northern writers who were taught to hate him. We have come to regard Mr. Calhoun as an abstraction, an idea, rather than a man of flesh and blood. We can not think of him as unbending and playing with children, or chatting easily with the young, or mixing familiarly in social intercourse with ordinary men. We have put him apart and aloft as a kind of political Lucifer, the prince of fallen angels. Around him we have drawn the drapery of dark clouds and disagreeable memories,—put him off entirely from human companionship and sympathy. Yet, of the men that American historians class as "The Great Trio," by far the purest, the tenderest and most sincerely loving was John C. Calhoun.

Even with Henry Clay, the smile after a while became the mere stereotyped smirk of the permanent seeker after the presidency; too often it meant nothing. To Mr. Webster there came not only the occasional fits of gloom and despondency and unsociability, but after a while the settled expression which bespoke a heart that had been soured by disappointment,—a manner which toward the ordinary man and the ordinary amenities of life seemed to say, "I want none of you; leave me to my own solitude and bitter thoughts." But to Mr. Calhoun we shall never see come any such period of inaccessible gloom. However stern he might seem to be in the Senate chamber, where he was struggling against awful odds, he never lost the exquisite polish of manner, the perfect courtesy of the gentleman; and in private life he never seemed to be weary of the company of the young, nor lost the inclination and the power to make them his friends.

Springing from the same stock as Andrew Jackson,—the Scotch-Irish,—he was, in his own way, as brave a man as Jackson himself. It was not his to quarrel and fuss and brawl and shoot and stab. As in the case of Mr. Jefferson, there is no record of his having given or taken a personal affront. On one notable occasion, Henry Clay, in the course of a debate in the Senate, allowed his hot temper and his unbridled tongue to carry him too far, and he made use of words which a professional duelist might have made the provocation for a challenge. Mr. Calhoun was no duelist, and he passed the insult by with the dignity of a Roman senator; and the two great Southerners went their ways apart for many years, neither speaking to the other. But when Mr. Clay made his touching farewell address to his colleagues, expressing a manly regret for language used in the heat of debate, and asking pardon of those whom he might thus have offended, Mr. Calhoun proved the metal he was made of by promptly rising and going to Clay, with extended hand and suffused eyes, "to make it up."

In person Mr. Calhoun was tall and gaunt, his complexion dark, his eyes black and luminous; his hair, somewhat like that of Andrew Jackson, was bushy and rebellious, standing up from his head and falling upon his shoulders like a lion's mane. His voice was only second to that of Clay in its sweetness, purity and resonance. His usual expression in public was one of intense earnestness, so much so that most people considered his countenance unusually stern and hard. His features taken altogether conveyed an idea of rock-like strength. Of "the great trio," he was the most subtle reasoner, though not so great a debater as Webster, nor so much of a constructive statesman as Clay. He was rather like Webster in not being a great party leader or organizer. In his own State, he was supreme, but he did not have Henry Clay's capacity for moulding his following into a great national party and committing it to a great national policy. Oliver Dyer, in "Great Senators" bears testimony to the effect that Mr. Calhoun was,

"By all odds the most fascinating man in private intercourse that I ever met. His conversational powers were marvelous. His voice was clear, sweet and mellow, with a musical, metallic ring in it which gave it strength without diminishing its sweetness. His pronunciation and enunciation were perfect. His manner was simple and unpretentious. He talked on the most abstruse subjects with the guileless simplicity of a prattling child. His ideas were so clear and his language so plain that he made a path of light through any subject he discussed.

"Calhoun's kindness of heart was inexhaustible. He impressed me as being deeply but unobtrusively religious, and was so morally clean and spiritually pure that it was a pleasure to have one's soul get close to his soul—a feeling that I never had for any other man. He seemed to exhale an atmosphere of purity, as fresh and sweet and bracing as a breeze from the prairie, the ocean, or the mountain—an atmosphere which one could safely breathe all in and be better and purer from the inspiration. He was inexpressibly urbane, refined, gentle, winning; and yet he was strong and thoroughly manly, with an elegant and engaging invincibleness pervading his softness and gentleness. I admired Benton; I admired Clay still more; I admired Webster, on the intellectual side, most of all; but I loved Calhoun; and as I came to know him well, and saw his exquisitely beautiful nature mirrowed in his face, his countenance no longer seemed Satanic, but angelic, and his benignant greeting in the morning was like a benediction that lasted the whole day."

What Dyer says about Calhoun's religious nature, reminds the present writer of a story related to him many years ago by one who had it from an attendant at Calhoun's bedside during his last days. Some young sprig of a theological student, who, of course, knew everything about everything, and had no doubts on any subject whatever,—because he was yet fresh from the Seminary—took it upon himself to visit Mr. Calhoun and to impart to him dogmatically the great truths of revealed religion. The dying statesman listened courteously and patiently until the homily was done and the young theologian had departed, and then, with a weary sigh, he turned to a friend and said, "That young man undertakes to instruct me on matters that have been the subject of my deepest, most anxious thoughts during my whole life."

Harriet Martineau in "Western Travel" describes a Senatorial scene

in which Thomas H. Benton made one of his numerous brutal attacks upon Mr. Calhoun. She says that the speech would have been insufferable if it had not been so absurdly worded as to inspire contempt. To make this attack it was necessary for Mr. Benton to rudely interrupt Mr. Calhoun in the midst of an earnest speech; therefore, the assault was all the more inexcusable and exasperating.

"He was called to order; this was objected to; the Senate divided upon the point of order, being dissatisfied with the decision of the chair—in short, Mr. Calhoun sat for two full hours, hearing his veracity talked about, before his speech could proceed. He sat in stern patience, scarcely moving a muscle the whole time; and when it was all settled in his favor, merely observed that his friends need not fear his being disturbed by an attack of this nature from such a quarter, and resumed his speech at the precise point where his argument had been broken off. It was great."

Far below the great trio, but still a positive factor in Jackson's day was Thomas H. Benton, a man of very much coarser and tougher fibre than either one of the others. Full of pugnacity, full of ponderous conceit, he was an indefatigable worker, mentally strong and resourceful, thoroughly honest and working always to a high ideal of public duty. He was no orator, but a forceful talker, a ready debater, one who prepared himself with extraordinary care and who brought to the discussion of every question a great store of information. In public life he was considered domineering, aggressive, but devoted to his cause, an honest partisan, generally fighting a fair fight, asking no quarter and giving none. In private life he was altogether different, and in his home circle, a model husband and father,—gentle, affectionate, indulgent and loyal.

No longer the leader of a party, and no longer exerting any considerable influence by his speeches or vote, John Randolph, of Roanoke, must still be mentioned as one of the conspicuous men figuring in Congressional life. Taking our view, as usual, from New England, we have come to regard this erratic Virginian as little more than a freak and a common scold. We are given to see all of the contortions of the Sibyl and none of the inspirations: we are allowed to hear all of the shrieks and none of the splendid eloquence with which this rare genius was so richly endowed. Yet, it is a fact that John Randolph was the most consistent statesman of his time. He and he alone remained steadfast to his original, States-rights creed. From the time when he sprang into fame by his debate with Patrick Henry, until he accepted from Andrew Jackson the mission to Russia, Randolph's career is "as straight as a string." He had the vision of a prophet, but unfortunately the curse of Cassandra was on him, and though he spoke the truth his own people would not believe.

(To be Continued.)

Soldier's Home, La Fayette, Ind.,
April 13, 1909.

Editor Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

I am writing you quite often, surely. But it must convince you that I am carefully reading your Magazine of April, 1909, the only copy I have chanced to see.

In answering Jas. A. Stevens, on page 305, you say, practically, that Lincoln never offered compensated emancipation of the slaves; that he may have tentatively talked of such a proposition, etc. **I remember well of reading it in the papers at the time, and if you will look** in Vol. VI, page 68, of "The Messages and Papers of the Presidents," proposing compensated emancipation, and he heads his message, "Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives." Dated March 6, 1862.

Also, in his message of December 1, 1862, he renews the subject and argues and urges it at great length. That part of his message begins on page 136 to 142, in the volume above referred to. You ought to have these nine volumes in your editorial library. Doubtless your city library contains them. If you are going to enlighten the world, or your part of it, you should stick close to the facts, especially you should not deny facts so well known as these referred to. It may be good enough for the South, but the intelligent world wants the truth.

Yours truly,
JOHN T. CAMPBELL.

(Answer.)

Onr correspondent, John Campbell, honestly and innocently floats into a misunderstanding of Stevens' question and our reply. Stevens referred to the alleged proposal to pay the South—the seceding States — $400,000,000 for the slaves, and Col. McClure was mentioned as authority for the statement. In our reply, we said that there was no evidence that such an offer had been made.

What Mr. John Campbell alludes to was the offer to **the border States,** Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky and Delaware. We had already referred to that. Mr. Lincoln thought it would be a stunning blow to the Confederacy if he could tempt these border States, which had not seceded, to abolish slavery, and he labored zealously to that end, offering compensation for the slaves. (See Holland's "Life of Lincoln," and other biographies.)

Brother John Campbell admonishes us to "stick close to the facts." Thank you, John. We do.

Our Indiana guide, philosopher and friend flings a flout at Dixie. Says Bro. Campbell, "It may be **good enough for the South,** but the **intelligent** world wants the truth."

A large hunk of the intelligent world appears to be located in Indiana. But the South deserves Bro. Campbell's sarcasm. A section that buys as many Northern histories, crammed with lies, as we do deserves to be lashed with scorn.

Eliasville, Texas.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I have been for long an interested reader of your two Jeffersonians, especially of the editorials. I have learned to rely implicitly upon your word in every respect, but in reading your great editorial on the negro in the Feb-

ruary number, page 105, I came upon these words: "Contact with us improved him and a process of gradual emancipation was lifting him to a higher plane, when a lot of madmen played into the hands of fanatics, kindled the hell-fires of sectional hate, and let slip the dogs of war."

This was a stunner.

I know you are very careful in the use of words. You have to be, because you have so many enemies to watch you. So, without making any criticism, I simply ask you to explain your allusion to "a process of gradual emancipation." I was twelve years old when Lincoln was elected president, took a lively interest in the political discussions (locally) during the war and since, but I never heard of such a thing except as a suggestion.

I beg to assure you your editorial, as a whole, was the best thing on the negro I ever read.

Wishing you life, health and strength to continue the good fight, I beg to remain your sincere friend and admirer,

D. J. NEWELL, M. D.

(Answer.)

By voluntary act of the masters, slaves had been manumitted in large numbers in the Southern States. For instance there were more free negroes in Virginia, at the beginning of the Civil War, than had been liberated by the abolition laws of New England.

Thomas Jefferson and other statesmen of our section had exerted their utmost influence against slavery, and the churches in the Southern States were preparing to take hold of the problem, when the fanatics snatched it from the arena of orderly discussion.

It had become quite common for a slave-owner, in his will, to set free at least some of his negroes. Under the testamentary directions of such landed proprietors as John Randolph, of Roanoke, hundreds of slaves at a time gained their freedom. Examples like these would have multiplied under the quiet compulsion of public opinion strengthened by the exhortations of the church.

That this is not a fanciful view, history demonstrates. The church was largely instrumental in the abolition of serfdom in Europe,—although her policy lost a part of its force on account of her failure to practice what she preached. The church held on to her own serfs to the last.

If the Southern Confederacy had not been invaded, but allowed to take its place among the other separate and independent governments of the New World, it would have been far better for the South and for the remainder of the Union. Our republic is too large to admit of equitable administration of its affairs. The surface over which the Federal laws operate is too vast to admit of equal and exact justice to all parts of the country. Favoritism, discrimination, and inequality are inevitable.

If New England were forced out, and kept out, it would be a blessing to the balance of the Union,—especially to the South and the West.

The republic is so big and the interests of its citizens so conflicting and intricate, that a hardship in Federal law or administration may crush a community, without being felt and redressed by the government.

Mexico is better off than she would be if she had come into our Union at the same time that Texas was fool enough to blot out the Lone Star and descend from the throne of her own sword-won Independence. Canada is better off, as a separate sovereignty, and so are Chili and Brazil

In the Southern Confederacy, there was no state whose interest was antagonistic to any other, and the population was homogeneous. Its Constitution declared for Free Trade, and it set up no undemocratic Federal Judiciary. The defects and dangers which experience had shown to be in the Constitution of 1787 were carefully avoided. It is one of the tragedies of the ages that this additional effort to work out an ideal of a democratic republic was not given a fair trial.

In the sudden emancipation of millions of slaves and in the making of a successful war against the South, the North must set over, against the benefits, whatever they are, two evil consequences,—

(1) The merger of democratic states into a consolidated plutocracy.

(2) The overshadowing of the whole continent with the baleful Negro Question.

On account of the sectional quarrel

over the negro, we, the people, we, the common folks, lost control of our national Government, and now the Trusts have become our fuedal lords.

And we have "The Usual Crime" which was unknown in slavery times and which now strews the land with victims,—and there is not a single pure, intelligent white girl that falls into the ferocious clutches of the black rapist who isn't worth more to the future of civilization than the whole negro race.

White, Ga., May 5, 1909.

Your answers to the following queries will throw directly a great deal of information on National Finance.

1. Occasionally a national banking association is organized for business Where do they get bonds for such business? Is the United States government still issuing bonds?

2. What is the amount of Uncle Sam's outstanding bonds? When and how can this indebtedness be paid? What amount of interest do we pay annually on this bonded indebtedness?

3. Explain the gold standard system and its effect.

Very respectfully,

Ira V. Maxwell.

(Answer.)

(1.) The bonds are purchased in the open market, just as other bonds are,—railroad bonds, for example.

The government has not issued any bonds since the panic of 1907, but you may confidently expect another mortgage to be put upon our present and future pretty soon. A bond issue by the government is equivalent to a mortgage on a nation.

(2.) $1,091,990,190.00. Some of it is payable in 1916; some of it in 1918; some, 1925; some, 1930. Rate of interest ranges from 2 per cent to 4 per cent.

(3.) The Gold Standard, in effect, makes gold, or its equivalent, the money of final payment. The holders of gold bullion have the privilege of carrying their product to the mints and having it coined into dollars, without limit as to quantity and no other expense than payment for the alloy, or base metal, which is mixed with the gold to harden it. Without such alloy, the yellow metal is unfit for monetary use, because of its softness.

When Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris framed the original monetary system for the United States, they gave **equal mint privileges** to both silver and gold. This equal treatment of the two metals is called **bi-metallism**, and it is our **Constitutional System.** In the original act of Congress **the silver dollar** was made the monetary unit.

As long as silver enjoyed the same mint privileges given to gold, the two metals maintained their **parity.** That is, the value of each, as compared to the other, remained the same.

But in 1873, British money got in its stealthy work on our Congress, and the standard silver dollar was dropped from our coinage act. There ensued a period of agitation and strife. Democrats accused the Republicans of the "Crime of 1873," and Republicans accused the Democrats. The truth is that the leaders **of the two old parties co-operated** in this infamy, as they have done in so many others.

After a generation of lies and false promises, the Democrats knuckled openly to the unlawful gold standard, and even Mr. Bryan declared that the "Money question is settled."

Of course, it is **not** settled. The gold standard violates our historic principles, our fundamental law, and our general welfare. It has given us two panics—that of 1893 and that of 1907. It has its clutches at the throat of the common peoples, yields undue advantage to money-kings. and makes labor the slave of capital. No such system can be described as fixed and settled.

One of its effects is this: In the Eastern countries there are about 800,000,000 people doing business on the silver basis. That is, silver is the money most in use, and it is the equal of gold, as a currency.

Now, Chinese capitalists, for instance, employ labor and purchase materials **on a silver basis.** A shipment to us of their calico cost them, we will say, $1,000, in **silver.** They bring the goods to our Pacific slope, and sell them to our people **for gold standard money.** Leaving out, for the sake of the illustration, the question of import duties, we see that the Chinese

capitalist gets for his calico $1,000 of American coin. With this gold standard money he can buy silver bullion at, say, a discount. That is, he will pay about half as much for uncoined silver as he would have to pay if we practiced bimetallism. He can take this cheap silver to China and coin it into Chinese money at par.

Thus, the Chinaman gets gold prices from us, but pays silver prices for his labor and materials. His calico and silks sell in our market for gold standard money, just as English and American products do. English and American manufacturers must pay the same kind of dear money for labor and material that they receive for their goods. But the Chinaman, who gets his pay for his calico and silks in our dear money, invests that money in cheap silver bullion which in China is worth as much to him for coinage purposes as gold bullion, THERE or HERE.

See the point? If the gold standard is perpetuated in the United States, and bi-metalism is perpetuated in China, our manufacturers will move to the Orient.

The gold standard will enable the Orientals to drive us out of the markets of the world, including our own, unless Europe, by force of arms, compels the bi-metallic countries to adopt the gold standard. In that event, the whole universe will be prey to the Money Trust.

Today (May 6), silver bullion is quoted in New York at 53 7-8 cents per ounce. Under bimetallism, as practiced in the United States for nearly a century, our silver would have been coined, free and without limit, upon a ratio to gold that would have turned every ounce of silver into about a dollar and twenty-five cents.

Now, since the law has destroyed our constitutional system, the Government merely buys in the market such quantities of the white metal as it needs, and the Government gets, for 53 7-8 cents, the same amount of silver that used to be coined into about $1.25. The silver mines, being deprived of the privileges accorded to the gold mines, have to sell their output, as cotton growers do,—in competition with all the world and without the benefit of special privilege.

Mr. Chinaman sells his silks and calicoes for $1,000 of our gold standard money, invests his $1,000 in silver bars which cost him 53 7-8 cents per ounce, and carries the silver to his own country, where its coinage value is at least twice as much.

Here's your conundrum: If the Oriental manufacturer gets payment here in money that is to him worth about twice as much as the same money is worth to the American manufacturer,—who is it that fails to see that the gold standard gives an immense advantage to the Orientals?

Oconee, Florida.

Please answer the following questions through your Magazine, and oblige,

THOMAS C. HAWTHORNE.

First—What was the chief purpose of the society called the Cincinnati, in existence in Washington's time?

The professed purpose was to unite the officers of the Revolutionary War into a society "to perpetuate their friendship, and to raise a fund for relieving the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war."

Second—Do you think Washington's idea of government was strictly Democratic?

Not at all. At heart, General Washington was an English Whig. He was an aristocrat by nature, and had no confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government.

Third—Was Charles Lee connected with the Conway Cabal? Washington Irving seems to lead one to believe that he (Charles Lee)was not connected with it, for he says that Lee was in prison in New York at the time of the scandal in Congress.

There is no evidence that Gen. Charles Lee was a party to the Conway Cabal. As the purpose of the conspiracy was to elevate Gates, and not Lee, it is not probable that the latter was an accomplice.

Henry Cabot Lodge, historian and Senator, alludes to Conway as "an Irish adventurer." After recounting the manner in which the Cabal went to pieces, the profoundly learned Lodge says that, after having been wounded in the duel with Canwallener, Conway "then left the country and disappeared from the ken of history."

This is not only a fine specimen of Bostonese contempt for the rest of mankind, but also of the amazing ignorance of those who assume to compile American history.

Thomas Conway was no more of "an adventurer" than is the learned and insolent Henry Cabot Lodge.

Conway was born in Ireland, of as good family as the Lodges of New England, and he was sent to France to be thoroughly educated, as were so many other well-born Irish lads. He entered the French army, in which he served until 1777, when, like Lafayette, Lauzun, Dillon and so many other French officers, he came to America and tendered his sword to the struggling Colonies. Congress thought so highly of him that he was at once commissioned Brigadier-general.

Gen. Conway was of the opinion that Washington was "a weak general," "surrounded by bad counselors." In this he was right, Washington was a very great man, but a mighty poor general. Our salvation was due to the fact that Howe, Burgoyne, Cornwallis and Clinton were even less capable than Washington.

Gen. Conway believed that the American army should be placed under Gates, and he intrigued for the change. In this he was wrong. Like a gallant gentleman, he "took his medicine," fought the duel, survived a severe wound, and wrote Washington a handsome apology. What more could he have done? Compare his conduct with that of the other exposed conspirators!

The learned Lodge dismisses the disgraced "Irish adventurer" from further notice—Conway "disappeared from the ken of history."

As a matter of fact, Gen. Conway reentered the French service and had a brilliant career. He rose to be a Field-Marshal, was elevated to the peerage as **Count de Conway**, and became Governor of the French provinces in Hindustan.

But please don't write to Senator Lodge about it. Any attempt to disturb the complacent serenity of his Bostonese conceit would fail.

When Stephenson, the English inventor, was trying to convince a committee of Parliament that his locomotive would prove successful, a bucolic member inquired, "But suppose a cow should meet the engine on the track?"

Stephenson gave the well-known answer, "It would be bad for the cow."

So it is with the conceit of New England historians. If the facts collide with it, they get knocked off the track.

WATER-LILLIES.

Green squadrons of the water-lilies ride
At anchor on the clear, translucent wave;
And here the robin redbreasts often lave
Their bright lapels within the crystal tide;
The mild-eyed cattle come and rest beside
The grassy margin; sunrise and sunset pave
The waves with gold; echoes afar the stave
Of whip-poor-will across the marshland wide.
No galleon of Spain that spread of yore
White sails of conquest on the mighty seas,
Laden with bales and ingots, ever bore
Such treasures as are wafted now in these
Fair craft at anchor by this sunny shore,
Careening at the sport of Summer's breeze.

ALONZO RICE.

The Junior Jeffs

By DADDY JIM

The Jeffersonian tells me that the kids can have two or three pages in the Magazine every month. That's mighty good of him, and, if you'll help me out, we'll show the Jeffersonian that he didn't waste his breath.

This won't be any Mutual Admiration Society. We are going to say what we think and believe, if it takes the last marble that Joe's got, or the last ribbon out of Mabel's hair. And it won't be any "exclusive" society, either. I want all the kids—the little shy boy, with the nicely combed hair and the spotless waist; the dainty little girl, with the downcast eyes and the nervous toes; the kid who carries lizards in his cap, and whose pockets are full of fish-hooks and angle worms; the girl with the torn frock and the freckles; the tough kid and the budding saint; Buster and Mary Jane and Hans and Fritz and little Jimmie—I want them all to write letters introducing themselves to the Conglomerate Society of the Junior Jeffs.

Thomas Watson Smith, 8 years old
James Hines Smith, 6 years old

Tell us who you are and what you are, how young and how good and good-looking. Don't lay the paint on too thick, for Daddy Jim may ask for your picture, and "faith, he'll prent it." We'll have one or two pictures each month, so we can see what we look like; and we'll try to learn all about each other, and laugh and talk together, just as the kids do after school. For this is vacation, and there shall be no set lessons; only holidays, silly and happy days, with fun and laughter on the printed page to match the merry sunshine out of doors.

Can you write a happy letter about yourself, your friends and playmates, your home and pets? For the best girl's letter, and the best boy's letter, we'll give a prize. It must be neatly written, and you must not use more than 75 words. Give your full name, your age, and address, at the foot of the letter. These will not be counted in the 75 words. Remember that your letter may not be printed in the next number of the magazine, because there may not be time to do that; but, if there is any room at all, we will use it the following month. Don't write essays, but letters,—just plain letters, such as you write to your little friends; for Daddy Jim and the Jeffs will be your friends, you know; and this magazine—you must think of it, not as a stupid old book, but as a playground, where you will meet for a few minutes each month to talk about yourselves, what you are and what you hope to be.

Now here are a few letters from girls and boys who have written to Daddy Jim, and they will be the first members to be admitted to the Conglomerate Society of the Junior Jeffs.

Glad When It's Out.

"There is just one more month of our school, and, oh, won't I be glad when it is out! Mamma says I can go to Grandma's and stay two weeks. She lives out in the country. I have a lot of little cousins down there, too, and you bet we

will have a good time."—Gussie Lee Aaron, Lyons, Ga.

Wears the Head Badge.

"I enjoy hearing Mamma read after Tom Watson. Let me tell you all, I am wearing the head badge, you know. I feel good over it. When I get from school, I help Mamma in th garden, get in stove-wood, feed the chickens, feed the cow, and after supper learn my lessons."—Odelle Jones, Pelham, Ga.

When the Ceiling Fell.

"I will tell you a joke this time. Once there was an old negro preacher who wanted the members of the church to throw in money enough to ceil the church, and the members did not want to do it; so the preacher said: 'Let's pray.' While they were praying, some of the plastering fell on one old man's head, and he jumped up and said, 'Lawd, I will give ten dollars to help ceil dis church.' Another said, 'Lawd, let some more ob dat plastering fall.' Papa takes your Weekly Jeffersonian and the Jeffersonian magazine. He says he used to take the People's Party paper, so you see he is a Watson man, and has been for some time. If this doesn't find its way to the waste-basket, I will come again some time. I will be nine years old on the 11th of May."—Glenice Wood, Warrenton, Ga.

Howard Robertson, 7 years old
Cornelia, Ga.

Two and Two Make Four.

"I am a little boy eight years old. Here is a joke. Two Irishmen reard what a great and good man Tom Watson was, and declared they would never die satisfied until they saw him. So they set out to walk. When they got within a few miles of Thomson, they were about to give out, and sat down to rest. Pat asked a boy, who was passing, how far it was to Mr. Watson's house. 'Four miles,' the boy replied. Pat jumped up and said, 'Come on, Moike, just two apiece,' "—Adams Jackson, Greshamville, Ga.

A Little Florida Girl.

"I am a little girl twelve years old. I live down in the west end of Alachua county, in a little village called Willeford. My papa and a man named Mr. Thomas cut cross-ties for the S. A. L. Grandpa and I are going to Bell some day soon to get subscribers for the Jeffersonians. He has to have a pilot; that is the reason I go with him. I must tell you that I am going to school. I am in the sixth grade and getting along very well. My teacher's name is Miss Agnes Zetrouer; I like her very much. The people down here in the west end don't know very much, but we are trying to learn something. If I ever see this in print, I will come again."—Thelma Flowers, Willeford, Fla.

Seven Years Old.

My name is Charles Candler Zachry. I am seven. An Irishman came to the United States, who had never seen a train. He started out on the railroad to look for work, and when he saw a train coming, he began to run. The train whistled and whistled, and the Irishman looked back and said: "I know what you want, you spalpeen; you want to get me out in that plowed ground, so you can catch me."—C. C. Zachry, Notasulga, Ala.

Gave it to the Preacher.

Once there was a crowd of little boys sitting on the bank of the road. They had a goat, and a preacher came along and asked them what they were going to do with it. They told him they were going to give it to the one that could tell the biggest lie. "Boys, I wouldn't do that," said the preacher, "I never told a lie when I was a little chap." Then the boys all jumped up and said: "Give it to him, boys; give the preacher the goat."—Mary Irma Spradlin, Newnan, Ga.

25 Hours a Day.

Rastus: "Dey say down in Georgia de make de po' niggah work twenty-five hours ebery day. Now, look heah, a day hasn't got no mo' dan twenty-fo' hours, and I want you, Mr. Johnsing, to 'splanify how dey make 'em work twenty-five hours."

Tommie Watson Edwards, 5 years old Ringgold, Ga.

Johnson: "Golly, what an ignoramusus niggah you is. Why, dey makes de po' niggah git up one hour afo' day. Dat makes twenty-five."

Is this so, Daddy Jim? With best wishes for your magazine and paper, I remain, yours, Leila Lackey (13 years), Bodga, Miss.

A Bright Farmer's Boy.

A stranger, happening to notice a farmer's boy on the other side of the fence, addressed him thus: "Young man, your corn looks kind of yellow." "Yes, that's the kind we planted," was the reply. "Don't look as if you would get more than half a crop, tnough." "We don't expect to; the landlord gets the other half." This reply rather exasperated the stranger, and he said, with some asperity: "Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool." "No, only the fence," was the crushing retort.—Mattie Rousy, R. F. D. 1, Middleton, Ga.

One More Word.

Do your best. Send your letters in as early as you can. Make them lively and bright, and we'll see if we can't get together a good jolly crowd of Junior Jeffs.

Clippings from Exchanges

WAYLAND AND HIS PAPER.

One of the great men of the country is J. A. Wayland. He is not great as Rockefeller and Harriman, generals of exploitation by means of which they have amassed immense wealth. He is not great as W. J. Bryan, the silver-tongued orator and persistent candidate, who has learned to coin money out of being a leader who never succeeds in getting anywhere. He is not great by reason of keeping himself much in the public eye through the clever service of the efficient press agent, nor because he sports titles, nor for any of the reasons which usually make men great. But what he has accomplished, and why and how he accomplished it, stamps him as a great man, with the guinea stamp of true, exalted manhood.

Wayland is the leader of the socialists of this country. Not the official head of the party, not the officious self-styled leader who seeks the limelight for the notoriety it gives or the prominent places for the loaves and fishes they seem to offer. Wayland is the master spirit of American socialism, the man whose teaching awakened it, whose earnestness brought conviction, stimulated to organization and was the power which twice polled nearly half a million votes for the presidential candidate who could command no campaign fund nor had the stimulus of prospective office holding to offer his followers.

Wayland was a man, with a talent for making money, engaged in successful business in a Western town. He became a convert to the doctrines of socialism, and, like the apostles of old, he quit all to devote himself to the teaching of this new-found faith. He established a paper in a little Indiana town, although he was totally unacquainted with the newspaper business, and through this paper, as the One-Hoss Editor, he began to teach the socialist creed. He employed no sensational methods, he made no display of himself, but by his very earnestness he commanded attention. His paper became famous and obtained a wide circulation.

He might have been satisfied with this, and reaped fame and money together. But he sought neither. He was completely filled with the desire to bring happiness to mankind through the way which he had conceived to be the only way by which this could be done, the way pointed out by Marx, the brilliant dreamer. So, with his paper flourishing and making converts to socialism by the thousands, he determined to establish a socialist colony, to demonstrate on a small scale the practicality and beauty of socialism.

This he did. Socialists all over the country enthusiastically contributed of their means, and Wayland gave to it his entire printing plant and himself. A large tract of land was bought in Tennessee, and peopled with a colony of select socialists. The newspaper plant was transferred to it and the paper published there. Various manufacturing plants were started, plans made for the building of a city, and the social millenium appeared to be tinting the horizon, to the eyes of the believers.

But the inevitable happened. Schemers among the colonists, men gifted with a talent for intriguing and with the power of persuasion, succeeded in getting in control. To them the patient plodder who had founded the colony was an old fogy, whom they determined to break to their will. Failing in this, they kicked him out; and he returned to the west with the experience, while the colony he had founded and the business he had built up remained in the hands of men who never before had anything and who were incapable of creating anything. After the departure of Wayland the colony business rapidly ran down, the colonists employed themselves chiefly in wrangling, until finally the courts were appealed to and the colony wound up. The flower of that body, with the printing plant, established itself in Georgia, on a tract of land

bought near Waycross, and eked out an existence for a few years longer. But the experience of the parent colony was repeated on a smaller scale, until at last the sheriff stepped in to save what little was left for the creditors, and the remaining few colonists returned to their former haunts.

Meanwhile Wayland had again established a paper in a little Kansas town. He called it the Appeal to Reason, and as he conducted it, it deserved the name. Again his former success was repeated, and for the same reason. His paper grew phenomenally, and soon attained to the largest circulation of any paper in the whole country. Then, in an evil hour, he joined with him in the work a number of adventurous young socialists from Chicago. Forgetful of his Tennessee experience, Wayland, while not completely socializing his business, yet allowed its control to be vested in a board elected by the membership of the company. Soon some of these bright young men, neither of whom had ever founded anything, thought they knew more about it than the old man. They readily convinced the majority that they were right, as men with ready tongues can always do, and the ultimatum was put to Wayland as it had been in Tennessee, to come under to them or get out.

The old man was stunned. Fired by his sublime devotion to the cause which he had espoused, seeing how successful he was as a teacher and patient plodder, he yet had not the gift to match others in intrigue. His prayerful appeals to the colony met only disdainful reception, and in despair he and his good wife spent a night in agonized consideration. He decided this time not to leave. Under the new management the paper was made an Appeal to passion and prejudice, and now the end is coming.

The paper is losing subscribers steadily. In vain does old Wayland try to stop the decline. Were the Appeal what he made it and what he would have continued it to be he might succeed, but even Wayland appealing for a firebrand can do little. And so this time, more slowly, but none the less surely, will the Wayland paper die, because it has in it no longer the Wayland spirit.

And the paper represents socialism. At the last election Debs polled but few more votes than he did four years ago, and the net result was a slump because there were heavy losses where the socialists had been strongest, and the gain was represented by a scattering vote which nowhere amounted to anything, and is not worth considering. Old Wayland, the One-Hoss Editor, is the spirit which is behind what there is of socialism in this country, although socialists themselves may not recognize this, and as his paper wanes so will the socialist movement.

Will Wayland again leave and start a new paper? He is now growing old, and after his two experiences he will hardly make a third attempt. The crowd in charge will run the paper in the ground in a short time, now that it is going down, and the sheriff will have to officiate at the obsequies of the splendid plant as had to be done in Tennessee.

It all shows that socialism is impracticable. It may be a beautiful theory, so appealing to great and good men like J. A. Wayland that they unselfishly devote their lives to it, as the apostles did to the cause of Christianity; but it can not stand the test.

Poor Wayland! But his years of labor have not been in vain. It required just such failure as he has made to convince good people that socialism is but an ignis fatuus which men really desiring to accomplish good must avoid, as it can lead only at last into the bog.—Augusta Herald.

Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, who was indicted by a federal grand jury on a charge of practicing fraud in pre-empting town lots, is placing himself in an unenviable position by his willingness to be permitted to escape prosecution on a technicality. After his protests of innocence of various charges during the last campaign, it is due to his party and state that he insist upon a vindication more satisfactory than a defective indictment or a Scotch verdict.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A SUGGESTION WHICH WILL BE ADOPTED.

Amity, Ga., April 19, 1909.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: Through the kindness of a friend I have just been perusing the January, 1908, number of your magazine. By a strange coincidence I had, a day or two ago, expressed a desire to re-read, if it were extant, an editorial in the P. P. paper of the early 90's entitled "The Late." Imagine my surprise to find it, and with a mingled feeling of "balmy pain" again reread what, in my humble opinion, is of all the children of your pen easily the masterpiece. There is in it a soulful introspection that breaks up the deeps of memory and conjures up visions of the vanished past.

Some years ago, Hon. J. T. West promised me that he would send me a copy of the article in question from his scrap book. I presume he forgot it.

I read it over again and then re-read it.

Believe me, I had rather been the author of that than to have been President.

Now for a suggestion:

It strikes me that it would be profitable to collect and put in book form all kindred emanations. For instance, an editorial, "Fortitude," in the February, 1908, Magazine, vies with the one above alluded to in both elegance of diction and that subtle witchery that enthralls the reader. Some apt title, "Moods and Tenses," "Watson's Gems," "Echoes from Watson," or—well, you had better name it.

I believe the book would outsell your others.

Lastly, I think you owe it to yourself and your admirers to put in more substantial form the prose poems which put you in a class with Brisbane, Grady and Ingersoll, and which will live long after you have been listed with the "Late."

Very truly,

J. T. HUDSON, SR.

Rt. No. 1.

HONORING SENATOR ROSS, OF KANSAS.

Attapulgus, Ga., Feb. 26, 1909.

Dear Sir: There is one thing that I have in mind to inquire of you about. You may answer as you see fit, or not if you see fit. Should not the South, or some of her writers, at least, resurrect the memory of Senator Ross, of Kansas?

The South is slowly but surely coming into her own from an historical standpoint. Very few of the men of my generation know anything of him. I know he was a Republican, and from that anti-Southern cesspool, Kansas. But when Thad Stephens and Sumner had the Senate "whipped into line" to do their bidding in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, Ross was an unknown factor. Everybody knew that the balance turned on his vote. Every pressure was brought to bear upon him by the bosses of the two houses of Congress. Hundreds of telegrams from his constituents came to him telling him of his fate if he failed to fall in line. The Senate was passing upon the measure to impeach a man who in his way was trying to carry out the policy of his predecessor. The clerk was slowly calling the roll and the "ayes" and "nays" were coming just as every one knew they would. The clerk called, "Senator Ross." The still-

ness of death was over the Senate chamber. This Republican from Kansas slowly arose from his seat, sore and bleeding from the effects of the party lash, with every ear in that vast throng straining to hear the verdict, dared to vote his convictions and answered "nay." This little word of three letters saved Andrew Johnson from the fury of Thad Stephens and his colleagues, but sealed the political doom of Senator Ross. I don't remember which one, but one of the later Presidents appointed him Territorial Governor of New Mexico, and, if I am correctly informed, he died there, a political outcast. If you see fit to give us any further light on this man through the Jeffersonian Magazine it will be greatly appreciated by at least one of your readers.

Yours sincerely,

DALLAS M. WOOD.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Salem, Va., April 15, 1909.

Watson Jeffersonian Magazine.

Our county, Roanoke, also our town, Salem, Va., are issuing bonds for public improvements. Now why not the United States government take these bonds, at say 1 or 2 per cent interest, and issue money on same to the county or town full face value, no county or town or city to issue bonds in excess of one-half their taxable values on real estate? To protect future generations, these bonds should be 25-year bonds, not over one-eighth of the amount allowed to be issued any one year.

If you catch my idea, and it meets your views, please give us an article along this line.

Hastily,

W. H. TINSLEY.

WILL TACKLE IT SOME DAY.

Carterville, Ill., April 12, 1909.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for Jeffersonians. I have read them from the beginning and found a great deal of interest in them. I was much interested in your articles on Andrew Jackson. My grandfather was in the Creek war. I have heard him condemn the execution of that poor private in as strong terms as he ever permitted himself to use. He would never vote for Jackson.

You have such a "knack" for getting and for giving historical information that it would be highly interesting to have something from you on the treatment and fate of the Tories after the Revolution. Also the finances of the Revolution, what became of the Continental currency, etc. You will soon be in a position where some of the big Eastern magazines will be buying you out—like they did the "Southern Bivouac" after its handling of our "Pilgrim Fathers."

Truly yours,

H. V. FERRELL.

TROUBLE, NOW YOU DON'T MEAN ME!

Thro' the pleasures, nicely blended, of a play-time long extended,
I hear Dame Trouble's croaking from her forbidding lea;
But I linger, quite unheeding, naught of her grim claim conceding,
While I merely murmur: "Trouble, why you don't mean ME?

Even tho I'm past the rapture that a younger heart might capture,
Still I enjoy the smoothness of a pleased placidity,
That is safe from Love's misleading—slightly deaf to Conscience's pleading,
And I smile benignly: "Trouble? Sho! You can't mean ME!"

Yes, I grant there's stupefaction in the earth-born satisfaction
That attends upon the practice of such vain frivolity,—
Yet I doubt life's bitter burdens can be paid in heavenly guerdons;
So I answer firmly: "Trouble! Now you sha'nt mean ME!"

Thro' the future's filmy veil shows the Reaper, shadowy, pale,
And behind the curtained past lurk the ghosts of memory;—
There's no balm for fear or sadness like a little gleeful badness
In the present. Wherefore—
"Trouble, well you don't mean ME!"

A PLAN TO SECURE DIRECT LEGISLATION.

Let the People's party call together a committee for the purpose of devising ways and means to push forward the work of pledging the people to direct legislation in every State and county in the Union, by forming direct legislation leagues. All that will be required of any legal voter to become a member of the league will be to pledge himself in writing that in the next State and national election he will not vote for any legislative candidate that will not pledge himself in writing at least four weeks before election, that if elected, to work and vote for a constitutional amendment that will give to the people a right to a direct vote upon any measure, when demanded by twenty per cent of the legal voters of a municipality, county, State or the nation, as the case may be. This plan will leave every member of the league free to vote for the candidates of any party that will so pledge themselves. It will not bind any one to vote the People's Party ticket, unless the candidates of that party are the only candidates that have so pledged themselves.

Let us get at this league business as soon as possible, push the work vigorously, and when we have got this league work well in hand, and the people educated as to what it means and its purpose, then call early conventions and put out straight Populist tickets, from township to national, upon just this one long, broad plank that reaches from alpha to omega, and let the people know that the People's Party is going to keep up this fight until we get direct legislation, or force some other party to give it. By this plan, it seems to me that we can get in touch with the other fellow—get his ear—work up a more friendly relation, and at the same time maintain our autonomy as a party and sacrifice no principle.

By this plan, I believe the People's party will get many new recruits, or force the candidates of one or both the old parties to pledge themselves to direct legislation. I know some will say that these candidates will not care for their pledges.

We can make them care, or prove themselves to be untrue to the people and the pledge they took.

I can see nothing at the present time to be gained by adding another plank to that of direct legislation, but much to be lost. You can not mention one without antagonizing some one that might otherwise favor giving the people a right to directly express themselves upon important measures when they desire to do so. So what is the use for us to burden ourselves with measures that we can not get until we first get the right to a direct vote, and in so doing drive many from us that we might otherwise win? While we wish to solicit the co-operation of all liberal-minded people in all parties to assist in securing a constitutional amendment giving to the people the right to initiate or reject such laws as they may deem proper, yet there is no design on the part of the writer to encourage fusion with either of the old parties. For in our judgment fusion means disaster to reform, and the experience of the last thirty odd years has proven it.

Mr. Watson, it has not been our purpose to enter into all the details of this plan, but to just simply give to the readers of your valuable paper a rough sketch of our views along this line. We are satisfied that the classes are not ready for direct legislation, but we believe the masses are.

DR. J. W. CLARK.

Washington, Ind.

REFORMERS OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER IN NEW PARTY.

Gordon, Tex.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: You certainly gave our friends, the Socialists, a few knock-out blows in the last issue of the Weekly Jeffersonian. Your comments on the Appeal are to the point. Wayland has misled some good people with his bombast. When they have educated enough people in "class consciousness" to carry a majority of votes, then a great many momentous questions will be decided by the happy family that don't seem to claim their attention at present, for instance,

the money question, which should at this time be the paramount issue with everybody except the bankers and other privileged classes.

I see a great many are advocating the calling of a conference, and while I have voted the Populist ticket all along, never voted the Democratic or Republican ticket in my life, except with a protest, I am not in favor of a "People's Party" conference. The principles, of course, are all right and will always be, but I am of the opinion that in the first place the prominent and ablest men in the different reform parties should get together and make a call for all people who are opposed to special and class privilege and who oppose the policies and practices of the Democratic and Republican parties to meet in their respective townships and precincts and send delegates to county seats and there let their wishes be known by resolutions to be sent up to state and national bodies. In this way you will get a party of the people and one that may be depended upon, for while they may differ somewhat in details, most all people who are not in the privileged class are in favor of near enough the same to make a solid party.

On the other hand, let a few of our best men who have worn themselves out in the reform ranks call a conference and meet themselves in St. Louis, or somewhere else, and send down the best gotten up platform that would be possible, and it would be as in the past, "a lot of old agitators wanting to raise h—l or get an office."

My hobby is for the government to run a banking business all over the United States, lend money at a uniform rate of interest and pay depositors interest. If it were not for the selfishness of the bankers they would favor that themselves, but there is too much graft in banking for them, getting interest on other people's money, and a kind of fictitious credit, which if well understood by the masses would knock national banks into a cocked hat in less than two years.

I enclose 25 cents. Please send me some copies of April 8th for distribution. I think they will get you some subscribers.

J. T. WILBAR.

IN AN OLD, ABANDONED GRAVEYARD.

Tender the lingering sunlight's touch is here
Upon your lonely pillows; it, alone,
Remembers now the bloom-time of the year
They laid you here—the dear hands of your own.

The hearts that broke in turning back that day;
The roses that made June of this old hill;
How many years since April passed this way?
These immemorial weeds—lie still, dear hearts, lie still.

What shall you miss of April or of June
While God's sweet, unforgetting things still love you?
The fresh sweet blooms of stars are nightly strewn;
His tender rain still breaks its heart above you.

ADA A. MOSHER.

White Springs, Fla.

WIRE GRASS STORIES, by W. Irwin MacIntyre, B. A. and P. D. Q. Press Publishing Co., Thomasville, Ga., Publishers.

We move a rising vote of thanks to the compiler of this racy collection of stories. He has put more fun in this little volume than we have been able to find in any of the larger and more ambitious compilations.

Here is a fair sample:

"Among Attorney Titus' first efforts was a case in a Country Justice Court. Mr. Titus was closing for the Plaintiff, and was making an eloquent but long drawn out argument. The Court became very impatient. Finally, a cloud came up, and a clap of thunder almost shook the house.

"'Look here, Col. Titus,' said the Court. 'When you get through your speech, you'll find my judgment right under this book. The Court is got to set out some tater-slips before the rain.'"

IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY, by John T. Dye. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Dye supposes that a Mr. Schaeffel, a professor of political economy and sociology; Mr. Threlkeld, a San Francisco banker and miner; Mr. Lloyd, a civil engineer; Father Henrotin, a Catholic Bishop, and Mr. Douglass, professor of law in a Western law school and others met during several days' journey in a smoking car. His book is the record of a series of imaginary conversations which took place. Aside from the fact that Mr. Dye makes his characters use clear, elegant and forceful English, the statements made are easily recognizable as those current whenever men gather together to discuss things economic and political. This is a particularly familiar cry:

"Mr. Threlkeld: 'Mr. Douglass, I am a practical business man. I deal with things actual and real, and I want to know how you are going to get men to face about or to sail back, to get new ideas about property and wealth—a new religion, as it were, by mere talk.'"

We are forever hearing the assertion. "conditions have changed, I am a practical man, you must run the government on a business basis in the interest of the business men of this country," etc., etc. To an admirable degree Mr. Dye has Mr. Douglass answer these assumptions, and the book deserves a careful reading. While Mr. Dye, speaking, of course, through his creation, Mr. Douglass, sometimes grows almost poetic in certain of his paragraphs, he by no means loses sight of much practical remedial legislation that is necessary to restore to the people their rights to equal opportunity. Mr. Dye nowhere contends that all men are born with equal capacities or could make an equal success of life. But he takes the unassailable position that a government, guided by democratic ideals, must give to each citizen a chance to develop to the best of whatever capacities Nature endowed him with; that legislation must not pamper

favored interests; that the "survival of the fittest" is a doctrine which in nowise justifies the unequal protection accorded to the privileged and legal discrimination against the unprivileged.

On the right of the individual to own and enjoy property, Mr. Dye is sound; the fallacy of any state division of private property by arbitrary rules nowhere appears. He, however, takes a position still further commendable when he says: "But it is the individual to whom the duty of protection extends—not to the goods. It is the individual who is sacred, and not his baggage. The right to his goods is protected, that he may live and grow, and not for the sake of the goods."

Mr. Dye's chief suggestion for destroying the unjust power of the trusts is to abolish the tariff which fosters them; in this Mr. Dye is absolutely correct. By removing their ability to control markets and prices without regard to any law of supply or demand, but in a fashion purely arbitrary, for their own aggrandizement, and against public welfare, would be the chief step toward rendering industrial combination harmless.

The easy conversational style of the volume, the presentation of all sides of the questions discussed, renders the book entertaining as well as instructive. It is safe to say that no one, interested in the great questions of the day, would put the little treatise down until he had read every line in it.

CONSTRUCTIVE PSYCHOLOGY, OR THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER BY PERSONAL EFFORT. By Dr. J. D. Buck. Published by the Indo-American Book Co., Chicago. Price $1.

This volume falls into that class of philosophical writings which are the least amenable to the reviewer's art. When an author has become supersaturated with the metaphysical, an understanding of his references and meaning presupposes that the reader has enjoyed a similarly wide range through ancient and modern philosophy, as exemplified in Spencer, Kant, Hegel, Haeckel, Nietzsche, and so forth, as well as a thorough knowledge of what has been treated in preceding essays. "Reading maketh a full man," and Dr. Buck's erudition is possibly the plainest thing observable in his "Constructive Psychology." It is not by any means apparently intentional on his part, but an inevitable consequence that follows from his running fire of analogy and analysis, and he has held to the thread of his purpose with commendable fidelity throughout the whole—which, if one may dare to brief the argument,—is to emphasize the necessity, in human progress, for the building of character from within outward, in conformity with natural laws, rather than dependence on the fictitious moral force that is consequent upon following arbitrary rules of conduct, or upon much over-rated "environment." Just as physical man has slowly reached his present status through evolution from the brute, so does Dr. Buck believe that an higher spiritual type, or a true and beautiful "superman" may ultimately come to represent the human being.

Humanity has through its adaptation to natural law come to recognize that that which is best for the race must also be best for the individual and out of this knowledge has sprung the ideals of conduct which have met the approbation of the noblest thinkers. Although but the few live wholly up to these, the race strives toward them, and striving, grows apace toward better things. The universe, being in process of evolution, must move onward and upward, each individual capable of helping or hindering to some slight degree the general trend.

It is indeed refreshing to read a modern disquisition upon psychology that does not wax grossly material. At present, there is a flood of works on "New Thought," "Mental Healing," etc., the majority of which assume to give a golden rule for the attainment of little save an inordinate egotism, with the promise that, by some mysterious combination of deep breathing and will-power, the world may indeed become one's oyster. And it is notable that despite the cant and prate of spiritual beauty and soul development, believers therein patronize about the same line of flesh-foods and hair-tonics as do the unregenerate.

Dr. Buck also strikes a deeply true note when he touches upon the dangerous in-

crease of the Roman Catholic parochial schools and the damaging growth of superstition in America today.

He says: "No such colossal institution for fostering and promoting crime and breeding criminals was ever instituted by the genius or the depravity of man. Every principle that goes to the building of individual character, self-reliance, self-control and personal responsibility, is abrogated in the individual and assumed and sophisticated by the Church.

"The Church today in America is using its immense wealth and resources everywhere to rush the building of parochial schools in order to keep its children from the influence of our Free Schools and hold them in the bondage of ignorance, superstition and fear. No such issue as this has ever before been raised in this country nor on any such magnitude in the world. Repeatedly the demand has been made for a division of the school fund, with the threat of refusing to pay the tax unless the division is made.

"Our Free Public Schools, imperfect as they may be, are the bulwark of Freedom and Civilization; but they are held by the Church as inimical to, or tending to undermine, its dogma of blind obedience and authority over the young. * * *

"If the Catholic Church can demand a division of the school fund in favor of the parochial school, every other denomination has an equal right to make the same demand; and when a single precedent is thus established, our Free Secular Schools will be at an end. * * *

"We may, if we choose continue to sleep and remain indifferent; but we shall find it impossible to escape the penalty for our folly and supineness. Our boasted 'Free Press' is gagged almost universally by threatened boycott, and the enemy of all our free institutions works twenty-four hours a day unmolested to accomplish its purpose. * *

"Mexico, France, Italy and even benighted and priest-ridden Spain have awakened from the apathy and exploitation of centuries, and today we are simply harboring their cast-off fetters, inviting their degradation and allowing them to find harbor here for the graduates of clerical training. * * *

"Our ignorance, indifference and supineness constitute a crime, unequaled, against citizenship."

An odd book is Dr. Buck's, but one that is fraught with force and logic withal.

THE DOVES OF THOUGHT.

Tho' Thou art where the sun's first roses blush
As, thro' the skies, he drives his plowshare bright,
And I, where last his tired horses rush
To water in the tideless stream of night;
Tho' envious miles, which knew my love for Thee,
Took life to thrust our bodies far apart,
At dusk my thoughts, like carrier-doves set free,
On wings of music seek their home; Thy heart.

On! For their master's sake, each rosy beak
Warm Thou with kisses, as they seek their nest;
Oh! Shyly then soft words of welcome speak,
Nor bar the snowy lattice of thy breast;
Oh! Drive them not once more into the gloom,
On drooping pinions to return to me
To tell how they—denied their former room—
Another's thoughts usurping there did see!

T. ANDERSON

New Books by Mr. Watson

Waterloo - - - $1.50

This is a thorough and intelligent account of the three days' struggle. Mr. Watson analyzes the characters of the generals in command; he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions; he searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals, and he discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, "the shouting and the tumult," to an orderly sequence, a "clear-cut study of cause and effect."

Premium for 3 subscribers to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00 each.

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